THE NATION

MAY 26, 1962 . . 25c

TIME FOR A NEW POLITICS

Carey McWilliams

TASK FORCE FOR PEACE

David Spurgeon

DEBATES WITH SOVIET SCHOLARS

Konrad B. Krauskopf

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LETTERS

Alerting the Passenger

Dear Sirs: I would like to propose an alternative to your editorial suggestion to "Let the Pilot Fly the Plane" (May 5 issue).

In take-off situations which "require" defiance of safe flying procedures, let the airlines demand that the passengers sign a waiver indicating that they are aware of the condition and hence absolve the airline of all responsibility.

A passenger has the right to know the conditions under which he is traveling. If he is willing to fly on one "wing and a prayer," both the airline and the insurance companies should be protected. The reaction would be prompt. How else can the public be educated?

MURRAY A. CAYLEY
Chaplain
Rochester Institute of Technology
Rochester, N. Y.

Wrong End

Dear Sirs: With reference to the article, "The Missile Markup," by James McCartney (May 5 issue): the latest rocket that we have developed has been named the "Centaur"—the creature that symbolized, for the ancient Greeks, the destructive force of nature. Centaurs were depicted as having the head and trunk of a man affixed to the headless front end of a horse.

In reviewing the history of man, we find that year by year he has developed more and greater means of destroying human life, and at the same time laying to waste the results of his labor. Now he has the means to eliminate the entire human race, including Dr. Teller.

Methinks that the Greeks put the man on the wrong end of the horse.

Santa Cruz, Calif. J. W. BOURNIER

Stones of History

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on the Roosevelt Memorial (April 28 issue) suggests an unfair image of monuments. To talk of "marble and bronze" and "vainglorious gestures" is to talk of equestrian statues of tyrants, not the stones of history. You omit the Acropolis, a monument by accident . . . or the great medieval cathedrals, still more eloquent than the best of the printed page. They are honorific to the spirit of man, and they stand not so much to inspire us with awe as to remind us of what has transpired and what is possible.

If this is not as useful as a hospital—and our age is not unique in its need for hospitals, or a park (in which the memorial was to have been set, anyway)—then the bronze age is unfortunately lost and the bronze man obsolete. Then give us a refreshing public park—only who will travel 1,000 miles to look at a refreshment stand?

San Francisco, Calif. SAUL WOLF

Canadian Fishermen

Dear Sirs: Re—"Asleep on the Deep" by William S. Ellis (*Nation:* April 28, 1962): Many of the points made by Mr. Ellis regarding the decline of the New England fisheries can be found in the Atlantic Provinces' press, with alarmed concern being headlined regarding the incursions of Russian, Danish and other foreign fishing factories.

The notion that Mr. Ellis conveys in his article that Canadian government aid has effectually put the Canadian fisherman into business along modern technological lines would not find ready acceptance in much of the Maritimes.

Bear River, N. S. EDGAR B. MCKAY

Said and Not Done

Dear Sirs: Following Kennedy's inept decision to resume testing, there has been such a cascade of fantastic excuses invented for our President that the discovery of any dissent at all is a pleasure. . . . The especially delightful aspect of your May 5 issue was the editorial ["Kennedy's Words and Kennedy's Deeds"] that probed the President's personal relation to the testing quandary.

As sophomores in high school, some of us are aware of the irony in life and thus felt keenly the tragic practice of Kennedy's in saying one thing and doing another. JOHN MAYBURY
Winchester High School
Winchester, Mass.

Trail of the Contrail

Dear Sirs: Has anyone else but me remarked the Air Force's efforts in the skywriting propaganda medium? It seems to me that every time the sky is blue over Seattle—it isn't very often—there are long, white contrails to be seen. Yet, during a three-month period spent recently on an Air Force jet base, I rarely saw a contrail. Could it be that all Air Force "exercises" are held in the skies *over large population centers only—and only on clear days?* Could it be that the Air Force schedules its contrails even before it schedules its training exercises—the latter being adjusted to the former?

Is there, among *Nation* readers, a scholar willing to institute such a re-

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1962
VOLUME 194, No. 21

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

God Save Us from Our Friends

"It's too bad," an anonymous American diplomat in Southeast Asia is quoted as saying, "that Washington can't seem to act strongly in a country until there is a crisis." What is really too bad is that Washington can't act sensibly, so that the crisis might be averted. The Washington pattern—and it was the same under Eisenhower — is to subsidize allies whose only talent is provoking crises, and then to send in the Marines. At this juncture, all patriots agree that the President has no alternative. The truth is usually that he had one, but failed to use it when he had the opportunity.

In Laos, Eisenhower allowed his proconsuls to assist in the overthrow of middle-of-the-road Prince Souvanna Phouma by "strongman" General Phoumi Nosavan, with the rightist Prince Boun Oum as a front. When, despite American recognition and aid, Boun Oum proved unable to cope with the leftist Pathet Lao, Eisenhower wanted Souvanna Phouma back, and eventually arrangements to that end were made at Geneva. Inheriting this delicate situation, President Kennedy likewise backed Souvanna Phouma, but could not control Boun Oum, who first declined to meet with Souvanna Phouma at all and then refused to yield the ministries of defense (army) and interior (police) in the projected coalition government. Washington thereupon paddled Strongman and his royal associate gently, withholding $3 million monthly from their regular stipend. The deficiency did not daunt the rightists greatly, since another beneficiary of American largess, Thailand's strongman Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, slipped them the necessary cash to pay the Royal Army. They were, in fact, emboldened to reinforce their garrison at Nam Tha, an outpost twenty miles from the Chinese border, despite the warnings of U.S. military advisers on the ground that the Pathet Lao might regard this as a violation of the cease-fire agreement. The misgivings of the Americans proved to be well founded. When the Pathet Lao attacked, the Royal Army ran straight into Thailand, with their officers in the van. At last reports, Boun Oum and his strongman were in Taiwan, seeking assistance from still another American ward, the veteran Chiang Kai-shek, but they were said now to be more amenable to letting Souvanna Phouma have the disputed ministries. It cannot have been lost on the Pathet Lao that their offensive had produced in five days results which American pressure on Boun Oum and Nosavan had failed to produce in five months.

The underlying difficulty, of course, was that Boun Oum and Nosavan were confident that, in the end, Washington would support them—just as, in neighboring South Vietnam, Ngo Dinh Diem is confident that he will be supported come what may. He has good reason for optimism, since 5,000 Americans are in his domain, and his domestic opponents are safely in jail. To the West, Marshal Sarit Thanarat is likewise buttressed, in this case by U.S. combat troops standing on the Mekong to repel the Pathet Lao, which had not even approached the river.

All these entanglements are naturally engaging the attention of the Chinese Reds, who also have a common border with Laos. The American taxpayer, and the American mothers and fathers who may yet see their sons involved in a shooting war with these selfsame Reds, may then regard our choice of allies in Southeast Asia as a peculiarly unhappy one. They might wish that the statesmen in Washington had as much sense as Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, who has managed to stay out of anti-Communist crusades and attend to his business at home.

Wind in the Olive Trees

For twenty-five years many Spaniards have been fighting Franco, some guardedly, some overtly. Spanish jails were always large enough to hold the dissenters. There were times when even Franco's powerful supporting tripod—the Army, the industrialists and the Church —seemed not too firm. In 1956, it was touch-and-go for forty-eight hours whether or not student riots would spread to homes and factories. There have been strikes and demonstrations since; the intellectuals' complaints grew louder, though still guarded. But Franco could cope, because Army, industrialists and Church

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remained loyal to him—or, at any rate, loyal enough.

Now again there has been outcry in Spain. It began —ominously for Franco—in a mining region where, in 1934, Moorish troops under a youthful General Franco smashed a miners' strike with such ferocity that the area is still known as "Bloody Asturias." The miners were again on strike, at one time 70,000 of them; and students demonstrated in their support. The government responded by suspending civil liberties in the affected regions and rushing in security reinforcements.

What makes this strike of special significance is that, for contradictory reasons, the Church has become disaffected. On the one hand, it accuses Franco of having been "lax and inefficient" in handling the strike; on the other, it argues that a strike is a "licit" weapon when negotiations fail. The dichotomy is explained by the fact that the Church has a giant union, too — the Worker Brotherhoods of Catholic Action, recognized, albeit reluctantly, by the government. The Brotherhoods have been calling for improved labor legislation, including free elections: so far, futilely. The Church hierarchy in general has been cautiously, gradually, attempting to dissociate itself from some of the less popular "security" measures of the regime; if revolution comes, the Church must not be associated altogether, in the public mind, with the losing side. So, if Franco fails to see that social justice is done and strikes result, and if the strikes are not dealt with "efficiently," the dictator has not fulfilled his primary function: to keep the peace.

Meanwhile the Army and the industrialists watch and ponder; they do not underestimate the unrest of both workers and Church. It is not only the dictator who is growing old; the dictatorship is, too.

De Gaulle and the Bomb

General de Gaulle insists that the unity of Europe must rest on cooperation among sovereign states, and above all on French-West German solidarity. He proclaims a kind of Franco-German axis independent of the United States, with France and, by implication, West Germany, each possessing its own arsenal of atomic bombs. He is against negotiation with the Soviets. What these propositions add up to is, sooner or later, a nuclear Armageddon. If a third world war is to be averted, it will be by ameliorative action within the next few years — a *modus vivendi* between the two great nuclear powers.

France can never be a nuclear power comparable with the United States and the Soviet Union. With her population of some 46 million, let alone her continuing troubles in Algeria, France lacks the resources to obtain the tens of thousands of nuclear devices and means of delivery already in the hands of the front-runners. West Germany can do considerably better (or should one say worse?), but her politico-nuclear role is basically simliar to that of France. These countries, and any other small countries which succeed in building a stockpile of nuclear bombs, can only inject further instability into an already unstable situation. An uneasy equilibrium may be maintained between the nuclear giants, but the only function that can be imagined for the nuclear pygmies is the instigation of a war between the giants.

What can account for de Gaulle's intransigence? Like any ruler, he believes in power. His personal power is diminishing before our eyes, as French national power diminished after the two world wars. His control over the Army is tenuous at best; in Algeria, the Army is making only a half-hearted effort to curb the European mass murderers, while in West Germany, which has become a repository for disaffected French officers, loyalty to de Gaulle is sinking lower and lower. As his star descends, his ambitions for a renaissance of French power burn brighter, but this is all fantasy. Greatness he has never lacked, but in extremity even the great can think foolish thoughts and project foolish plans. It is a melancholy spectacle, but there is no use pretending that there is either practicality or splendor in de Gaulle's current visions.

Alte Kameraden

At a press conference in 1959, President Eisenhower called Berlin's situation "abnormal" — surely a modest appraisal, all things considered. But Chancellor Adenauer, suspecting gloomily — and correctly — (1) that anything that was abnormal called for normalization and (2) that normalization in this instance could only be at West Germany's immediate expense, declared himself highly affronted. Ever since, he continues to be affronted whenever the possibility arises, no matter how distant and vague, of a U.S.-Soviet *detente* on the divided city. Thus, early this month, referring to the Moscow-Washington dialogue on Berlin that has been going on sporadically and quietly for some time, the Chancellor told a press conference: "These talks have not been successful. . . . I see no ground for continuing them." He added his opinion that a new American proposal for a thirteen-member "access board" to control the avenues to Berlin was "unworkable." From newspaper accounts, Mr. Adenauer delivered this jeremiad with every sign of satisfaction. The sad prospects, wrote Sidney Gruson of *The New York Times*, "did not seem to distress him."

But Washington was distinctly, and audibly, distressed. The State Department, in an unusually vigorous statement, told the Chancellor, in effect, that if he didn't like the American proposal, he should proffer some plan of his own. And President Kennedy icily reminded the West Germans that since it would be the Americans who would have to bear the brunt of any

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conflict over Berlin, surely "we have some rights at least to explore" the possibilities of a peaceful solution.

It would seem almost as though Mr. Adenauer is ready to defend West Berlin to the last drop of American blood. But in justice to the Chancellor, it must be said that we have given him reason to think that our loyalty to him, and to West Berlin and West Germany, was practically without limit. Only last year, Vice President Johnson told the Germans that "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor" are pledged to the cause of Berlin. And almost at the moment that Adenauer was attacking Washington's most recent proposal for a Berlin agreement, General Clay was telling the residents of that city of our undying love for them; and a German band, in honor of the departing General, was playing *Alte Kameraden*. Was the musical number meant to be prophetic? In the German tradition, old comrades are always laying down their lives for one another — it doesn't much matter why.

The Nonconforming Banker

It is to be expected that where taxes are involved, passionate feelings are easily aroused and Congressmen receive a corresponding amount of mail. Thus, in the matter of H.R. 10650, dealing with the statutory tax structure and running to 240 printed pages, Senator Douglas alone had received up to May 9, 40,000 letters objecting to the proposal to withhold taxes on dividends and interest. It is safe to assume that not one Illinois voter set aside a few evenings to study the bill before communicating his views to the Senator. What happened was that there was a dammed-up volume of resentment against income-taxation, most of it misdirected and irrational, and someone opened the sluice gates and sent the flood crashing down on the heads of Mr. Douglas and other Senators. That someone, of course, was in reality a pressure group composed of bank and savings-and-loan company officials objecting to the paper work involved in withholding.

But if there is a sordid side to the practice of democracy, it is relieved occasionally by a shining deed. Senator Douglas cited a broadcast on the subject of withholding by Edward P. Morgan, the American Broadcasting Company commentator. One would think, said Mr. Morgan, that a measure which involved no new taxation, but which would secure for the Treasury more than $600 million in tax revenue which taxpayers, either by oversight or design, fail to report, would be enthusiastically supported, especially by those taxpayers who are filing honest declarations. Instead, a smokescreen of misinformation has been generated "which has so frightened widows, orphans and others that they have flooded the desks of Senators with letters, postcards and telegrams charging, in effect, that a greedy Government is about to grab their piggybank nest-eggs." This in spite of the fact that the proposal provides all kinds of safeguards: persons over sixty-five and under eighteen may be exempted from withholding, anyone who calculates that too much has been withheld may ask the Treasury for a quarterly refund, and so on.

Then Mr. Morgan mentioned one banker who has remained calm amid the turmoil. He is John Sadlik, vice president and controller of the Franklin National Bank of Long Island, the thirty-second largest commercial bank in the country, with deposits totaling more than $750 million. Supported by President Roth of the bank, Mr. Sadlik appeared before the Senate Finance Committee and bluntly announced that he was in favor of withholding. The cost to the bank after the first year, he calculated, would be 30 cents per $100 in taxes withheld, and that seemed to him a small price to pay for a more equitable tax collection yielding more than $600 million.

"I was beginning to think," said Senator Douglas, "that this species of American had vanished."

Not quite.

Freedom to Advertise

On past occasions, when we have run advertisements similar to the one which appears on this week's back cover, some readers have expressed shock that we should sell space for what they term "Red propaganda." The appearance, then, of the Hall-Davis defense-fund ad makes this an appropriate moment for explaining what our policy vis-à-vis advertising has been, and will remain. It happens that we have opposed the McCarran Act — under which Gus Hall and Benjamin Davis are being prosecuted — from the outset, and that we continue to oppose it. It happens also that we disapprove of many fundamental aspects of Communist theory and practice. But in this instance, our editorial views are not relevant to the principle involved. This principle was cogently expressed in an editorial in *The New York Times* (Dec. 28, 1961), when that paper was attacked by a reader for having accepted an ad for a book also alleged to have been "Red" propaganda. Said the *Times*:

> *The Times* believes that, in furtherance of the objectives of the First Amendment of the Constitution, it should keep its advertising columns open to all points of view, no matter how strongly it disapproves of them . . . subject of course to the laws of libel and the bounds of decency and good taste and the requirements of factual accuracy. . . .

Obviously, these strictures still leave room for considerable editorial judgment: no mathematical formulas fix the boundaries of "good taste" or decency; and what is "factual accuracy" to one reader is merely opinion (and likely wrong opinion, at that) to the next. The exercise of our own discretion, in these matters, will always be weighted in favor of Constitutional liberty.

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TIME for a NEW POLITICS . . *by Carey McWilliams*

BY ANY reckoning, American politics is presently in a shambles — confused, absurd, irrelevant. The old labels have become meaningless, the old signposts have vanished, yet the political dialogue continues as though nothing has happened.

Consider, for example, what Governor Rockefeller of New York calls "the label game" — the attempt to label candidates and programs as "liberal" or "conservative." The sillier this game becomes, the more passionately everyone plays it. During the last two years, it has been played with great intensity; one would think, notes a writer in *America*, that "half the population of the United States is busily marching Left, and the other half Right." The fact is, as *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out recently, that it has become "downright impossible these days to describe a liberal" — or, it might have added, a conservative. A.D.A. gives Senator Thomas Dodd (D., Conn.) an 80 per cent liberal rating, on his voting record, but scores Senator J. W. Fulbright (D., Ark.) much lower — 60 per cent. Yet Senator Fulbright was the one influential Democrat in Washington who, from the outset, opposed the Cuban fiasco. Senator Paul Douglas (D., Ill.), who scores high on every liberal or labor rating, is a leading figure in the Committee of One Million which is a front for the Radical Right. Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.) and William Buckley of the *National Review*, carefully place themselves to the "left" of Robert Welch and Major General Edwin Walker and ask to be accepted as exemplars of American conservatism. Yet, style and manner aside, in what significant respects do the views of the one pair differ from those of the other? And if Buckley and Goldwater represent American conservatism, where does one place Senator Margaret Chase Smith (R., Me.) or Senator John Sherman Cooper (R., Ky.) or, for that matter, Senator Francis Case (R., S.D.)? And what labels, then, should be applied to Richard M. Nixon, General Eisenhower and Chief Justice Earl Warren? Are *The Wall Street Journal* and the New York *Herald Tribune* no longer to be regarded as oracles of responsible conservatism?

Or consider issues. Is it conservative to view the United Nations and disarmament as twin dangers threatening freedom and national security? Is a $50 billion arms appropriation "conservative" or "liberal"? (It must be liberal-*cum*-conservative, for no one voted against it in the House.) One might think that HUAC, as an issue, would divide "liberals" from "conservatives." Not at all; it is supported, in almost equal degree, by "liberals" and "conservatives" of both parties. Is it "liberal" or "conservative" to advocate the continued exclusion of China from the United Nations? On the record, it would be hard to say, since everyone, more or less, seems to favor exclusion. Both liberals and conservatives defended the abortive invasion of Cuba; in the House only Rep. Frank Kowalski (D., Conn.) opposed it. Liberals and conservatives, in about equal measure, support the Administration's decision to resume nuclear tests in the atmosphere.

DESPITE the immense amount of newsprint and radio-TV time devoted to "the label game," no one seems to have noticed that half of the political spectrum has vanished; it simply isn't there. Some weeks back, for example, *Newsweek* made a valiant effort to discover the "extreme Left" in American politics which would balance out, after a fashion, the "extreme Right." By its reckoning, the Left consists of such figures as Walter Reuther, Leon Keyserling, Joseph Rauh, Max Ascoli, Sidney Lens and H. Stuart Hughes. But if this grouping represents the "Left," then the Center must have moved very far to the right. And indeed it has. Recently the White House repudiated *The Liberal Papers* — a collection of mildly critical studies of some aspects of American foreign policy — as though it were some kind of left-wing manifesto. Sensitive to the implications of the label game, the President is not inclined to play it; or, if he must, he prefers to have the Administration characterized as "progressive" rather than "liberal." But it is worth noting that Mr. Kennedy is much less sensitive when the label "liberal" is applied to his domestic programs. As Senator Goldwater points out, it is in the field of foreign affairs that the President is "acutely aware of and sensitive to the growing conservative voice in the United States."

The disappearance of the "Left" from the spectrum has had the effect, of course, of expanding the conservative Center. If 100 represents the outermost limit of the Right, and 0 the boundary of the Left, then the Kennedy Administration might be said to hold almost undisputed possession of the terrain from 0 to 80. Even the Right agrees. "It has become frighteningly clear," observes the *National Review*, "that we are left in this country without an opposition." The Radical Right is not a responsible opposition; it is a noisy nuisance. At the same time, such Republicans as Senators Javits, Chase, Cooper and Kuchel are hard put to differentiate their position, on most foreign and domestic issues, from that of the Administration. In the absence of a Left, President Kennedy only had to move a few steps to the right (usually by protecting his foreign policy against right-wing criticism) in order to occupy virtually the entire spectrum. In fact, the absence of a Left has made it possible for him to be somewhat more conservative, even on certain domestic issues, than the Republican Party under President Eisenhower (see: "Kennedy's 'Conservatism'" by Alan L. Otten, *The Wall Street Journal*, Feb. 5, 1962).

ALL THE same, it is apparent that beneath the surface of the verbose and fatuous discussion of "liberalism" and "conservatism" of the last two years, a great deal of ferment and dissatisfaction exists of which the emergent Radical Right is the principal symptom and, to date, the chief

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"The packaging isn't as confusing as the labeling."

beneficiary. Fashions are a factor in politics; and with the Left nonexistent, and the Center in power, the only direction from which a new style could emerge was the far Right. The "new thing" has been conservatism and, not surprisingly, it has held the spotlight; but with what long-range results, it is difficult to say.

The returns in this year's primary and general elections will not measure the success or failure of the Radical Right; this must be determined in the light of its objectives. The Radical Right is out to force political realignment. In California, Joe Shell and Loyd Wright know that neither will come out ahead in the primary against Nixon and Kuchel, but this is not their objective. What they are out to do is to wreck the Republican organization in California as the precondition to picking up the pieces and sending a Goldwater delegation to the Republican convention in 1964. The Goldwater Clubs in California are, most indiscreetly, actually supporting Shell and Wright. In New York, the Radical Right is pursuing the same tactic; the objective is to defeat Governor Rockefeller or to minimize his vote. Should Senator Goldwater win the Republican nomination in 1964, and with it control of the Republican organization, "realignment" would be achieved, but it would be an idiotic realignment, for we would then be left without a viable, strong, modern-day conservative party. In fact, a Goldwater victory might well solidify the present trend toward a one-party system.

Clearly something has gone wrong with American politics, but before indicating what it is, a short detour is unavoidable.

'Liberal-Conservative'

THERE is a sense, of course, in which the "liberal-conservative" dichotomy has a timeless relevance to any system of parliamentary or representative government. To function properly, such a system utilizes two impulses which are in the nature of a positive and negative charge. A degree of tension, of conflict, is required in order to generate the energies that propel the system; on the other hand, the momentum of a revolutionary system stems directly from the revolution itself and tends to abate as the revolution subsides. In a parliamentary system, a degree of tension and conflict is also required to achieve a genuine consensus.

IN ANY case, it is the tension, not the labels, that is important. The liberal, we say, proposes; the conservative disposes. The liberal innovates, the conservative consolidates. The liberal wants to create a new order, the conservative prefers to rely on the order that adheres to things as they are. Clinton Rossiter, a leading historian of conservatism, puts it this way: "It is for the liberal to expand liberty, it is for the conservative to defend it." Characterize this tension as you will, from it stem the energies that drive the American political system. In fact, it has been suggested that the history of American politics might be written in terms of the alternation between these two impulses, with one dominant for a time and then the other. Arthur Schlesinger, Sr.'s theory of alternating liberal and conservative regimes at intervals of fifteen or sixteen years is a case in point.

But "liberal-conservative" has a special meaning in our politics. It has been pointed out many times that we have what is basically a single political tradition. In a word, we have similar ideological antecedents; liberals and conservatives alike base their thinking on the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. As a reviewer wrote in the London *Times Literary Supplement* (Feb. 12, 1960):

> If conservatism in America means the preservation of American institutions, it means the preservation of the liberal political institutions of the Deistic Fathers of the Republic. The United States was born and baptized in liberal original sin. The Chief Justice who fairly recently remarked that if the Bill of Rights were put to the people today they would vote against it may well have been right, but the Bill of Rights is there and so is the Supreme Court. And business in the United States is a revolutionary force, aggressive, versatile, de-

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> structive, undoctrinaire . . . far more revolutionary than libraries full of Marxian tracts and college faculties full of liberal professors.

And so American business is — in the sense of its willingness to innovate, to respond to new technological imperatives. But the fact that we have what is basically a single tradition does not mean that we can dispense with tension in our politics; it merely means that in the long run no conservative movement is likely to make much progress by opposing our political tradition.

GIVEN the functional significance of the "liberal-conservative" tension and the special meaning which it has for us, it is clear that something is missing from our politics at the moment. The tension has vanished. No traction is being developed. The more we debate, and the louder, the less sense we make and the more we manage to sound alike. In a biting indictment, Theodore Roszak refers to the American political environment of the moment as "pathological" and "weird." Kenneth E. Boulding writes that we are living in "the second great change in the state of man" but, he asks, "where are we going—if anywhere?" Observes Rep. Edith Green (D., Ore.):

> There is discernible throughout our land an indication of political mental illness. . . . Liberalism has bleached all political tendencies. It has become a loose shelter. To call oneself a liberal one does not really have to believe in other than the vaguest of programs and policies. One party becomes as good as another. A Thomas Dewey, a Robert Taft, a Richard Nixon, a Franklin Delano Roosevelt and an Alfred Landon all become labeled as liberals. The definition of liberalism is stretched to such dimensions that distinctions are blurred, programs are subverted, values are dissolved.

The only way to find out if a person is a liberal, complained a college editor recently, is to ask him.

A basic explanation for the "blurring" to which Mrs. Green refers has been suggested by Harvey Wheeler. In his view, American liberalism is obsolete for two reasons. Firstly, it operates on the assumption that

> . . . What a man does for a living—his subsistence-providing functions — is the basis from which political problems must be solved. One of the surest verities of the foreseeable future is that work-centered—subsistence-centered—problems will shortly become politically and ideologically insignificant. Such problems will retain grave administrative and organizational significance, but they will not in the future provide a basis for any creative political movement. . . .
>
> The second reason for the obsolescence of American liberalism is that it remains identified with the tradition of the New Deal. Most contemporary historians are now agreed that the New Deal was conservative in that it was the minimum amount of innovation which could keep the American social system intact under the crisis conditions of the thirties. Although the New Deal never resolved the depression crisis, it none the less did hold the American social system together in the sense implied by the term conservatism. All of the fundamental notions associated with the New Deal have long since become conservative ground rules for running the American social system by both Republicans and Democrats. It is a strange anachronism for a political party calling itself "liberal" to appeal for mass support on a platform of the archaic policies of the New Deal in an affluent, full-employment welfare state that is rapidly becoming a bureaucratic culture.

In a sense, therefore, Kennedy "liberalism" or "progressivism" is today's conservatism.

But if liberalism has been blurred and stretched almost beyond recognition, so too has old-style American conservatism—and with results that are equally bizarre. Time was when the phrase "the conscience of a conservative" meant something (Charles Evans Hughes, Henry Stimson, Harland Fiske Stone), but it means nothing in a context in which self-styled conservatives beat the drums for Tshombe and Salan, organize rallies for Jacques Soustelle, and insist that the federal government is powerless to protect the civil rights of Negro citizens of the United States. In the eyes of Tom Hooson, chairman of the Bow Group of the British Tory party, "most British conservatives are, in American terms, liberals" (*The Observer*, June 18, 1961). He cannot understand Senator Goldwater's insistence that relief and assistance should be regarded as local problems. Or the Goldwater position on medical care or progressive taxation or foreign policy. "A conservative attitude to foreign policy," he writes, "can usually be deemed one of realism. It is here that a Tory feels most uncomfortable of all about the American conservatives' thinking. The Communist challenge is real enough, but the conservative's awareness of it is often hysterical."

What, then, has faded from American politics?

The Undiscovered Issue

BOTH here and in Europe, the central political issue since the period of the French Revolution, when the liberal-conservative pairing first appeared in French politics (it began to be used in British politics around 1830), has been, in one form or another, the division of wealth in an economy of scarcity. Most issues turned on how a limited economic pie was to be divided in terms of benefits and burdens. In terms of this central issue, "liberal" and "conservative" came to have a fairly clear meaning: by and large, liberals were for a wider sharing of benefits and burdens, while conservatives wanted to protect what they had, enlarge their share if they could, and avoid as many unpleasant burdens as possible.

But in the modern welfare state this central issue has lost its once-clear meaning. True, the affluent society breeds its own pathology: the ownership of wealth remains highly concentrated; and it would be most misleading to say that poverty has been eliminated (see: *Poverty and Deprivation in the U. S.: The Plight of Two-Fifths of a Nation*, by Leon Keyserling). Even so, the issue has lost much of its edge. But the momentum of politics is such that we continue to act as though we were still "liberals" and "conservatives" debating the issues of the 1930s. In fact, the special achievement of the Radical Right has been the way in which its noisy beating of ancient tribal drums has given the appearance of liveliness and topicality to issues—the income tax, social security, public assistance, etc.—which were resolved two or more decades

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back. The absence of a "Left" which might have raised the new and genuine issues of our time has enabled the Radical Right to keep up the pretense that the ones it raises are still vital. In point of fact, these issues are not even relevant to today's political discourse; in this sense, the "Radical Right" is a complete misnomer. It is not "Right" or "conservative" so much as it is anachronistic—atavistic, if you will.

CONSIDER—to take merely one example—the issue of Big Government or, as Senator Goldwater would put it, "statism." There is nothing "conservative" or even "Right," per se, about limited or local government, as the British Tories have long known. Senator Goldwater's position on this issue is not "conservative"; it is obsolete.

Big Government, as Philip M. Hauser of the University of Chicago has pointed out recently in a brilliant paper entitled "The Conservative-Liberal Debate," is basically a product of the social-morphological revolution which has produced contemporary mass society. At the time the Indians occupied this country, the density of population in what is now the United States was approximately one person per square mile, he estimates. Today, the over-all density is about fifty. But for central cities in metropolitan areas (1950 census), the density was approximately 8,000, while for Chicago it was 17,000 and for New York 25,000 (same census).

Take, Hauser suggests, a specific area—say, a ten-mile radius, namely, 314 square miles. In aboriginal America, a person moving about within this circle could potentially make only 313 different contacts. In contrast, the density of the United States as a whole today would make possible 15,699 contacts in the same land area; and the density of central cities in the United States in 1950 would permit over 2.5 million contacts, the density of Chicago over 5.3 million, that of New York City over 7.8 million. "It follows," he writes, "that the nature of possible collective activity and of formal and informal social organization necessarily varies considerably with those different densities and resulting differences in potential social interaction."

It is not mere coincidence, then, that Senator Goldwater comes from a state which as recently as 1940 had a population density about the same as the United States in 1790—4.4 persons per square mile. This increased to 6.6 in 1950 and 11.6 in 1960. "The conservative today," writes Hauser (I think he should have said the Goldwater-type conservative), "is the person socialized in a milieu which, although contemporary, is essentially similar to that of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century America."

Density-ratios, moreover, are affected by technology. The automobile, as Hauser points out, provides a clear example of the proliferation of functions and personnel necessitated by the changed size and density of population; it has brought in its wake traffic signals, traffic policemen, traffic tickets, traffic courts, expressways and agencies for dealing with traffic accidents — ambulance services, emergency medical centers, hospital wards and morgues.

Hauser's argument, of course, tends to oversimplify the problem; nevertheless, it serves to suggest why any two Senators from New York will almost necessarily share certain points of view and certain assumptions whether one is a Republican and the other a Democrat, or however else they label themselves. With respect to a host of issues, "social engineering" has made the old liberal-conservative dialogue obsolete; to be meaningful, it must be refocused on today's central issues.

The Communist Non-Issue

IN NO single respect is the obsolescence of the liberal-conservative dialogue quite so striking as in our national obsession with the so-called "Communist" problem in domestic politics. This alleged issue has been investigated at every level, state, federal and local, and in every walk of life, law, science, the ministry, education, the military, labor, industry, the arts, entertainment, the mass media—not once but again and again. Enough political energy has been dissipated in its pursuit to move mountains and modernize Africa. It has been "exposed" *ad nauseam*—in the press, in books, in pamphlets, over the radio, on TV, in motion pictures, sermons, lectures, seminars, mass meetings, "schools," etc. The phoniness of the issue has been ridiculed and satirized so often, and so widely, that our obsession with it has become an international stock joke. All the while, the "supply" of local Reds has dwindled to the point where even the sleuths of HUAC, with their special detection devices, have enormous difficulty in flushing out a few relics now and then to exhibit at the hearings it still holds.

The American consensus on communism is so massive that the issue is not debatable; there is no "opposition" to debate it. The fact is that we debate only the degree of hatred that all proper Americans are expected to exhibit when the subject is mentioned. "Liberals" and "conservatives" alike campaign on the "anti-communism" issue, which continues to serve as an adequate cover for the lack of platform or program. If there was ever a phony issue, this is it. Yet in volume and weight it remains by all odds the most massive one in American politics—undebated, unchallenged and meaningless. No better proof is available of the fatuousness of American politics than our underlying obsession with this non-issue.

It is perhaps this national obsession with communism, as much as any single factor, that has prevented the emergence of genuine new issues. The politician, of course, is afraid of new issues: they must be pre-tested for pulling power and popularity before he will touch them. In part, also, politicians hesitate to take positions on new issues because they honestly do not know what to say about them. As a consequence they pull-and-push—Democrat vs. Republican, Democrat vs. Democrat, Republican vs. Republican—to hold possession of the safe center line, pronouncing anathemas on "both extremes" when, in fact, one extreme is non-existent, except as a dirty word, while the other is obsolete. In such a situation, politicians rely more and more on polls and shirk the obligation of leadership.

To get their minds off the one big problem of "re-election," Dr. George Gallup suggests that Senators and

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Representatives should be limited to one term. Under this dispensation, democracy becomes simply a matter of giving people what they want—and what they want can best be determined by statistical research. This virtually disposes of politics, if not of politicians.

Defining the Real Issue

TO REINVEST politics with meaning, the liberal-conservative dialogue must focus on the central issue of the time—not on those of 1930 or, in some instances, of earlier decades. The central issue of our time is not hard to identify. It is neither communism nor the cold war nor the upsurge of underdeveloped nations nor what to do about the population explosion nor big government. Rather it is: How are we to cope with the consequences of the scientific revolution? "The men in our national governments," writes Dr. N. Z. Alcock, who directs the Canadian Peace Research Institute [see p. 470], "like most of us, are guided by attitudes appropriate to a past which is long since gone. Moreover, they are trammeled in their daily actions by institutions which are also a part of this distant past. . . . Both of these facts, our worn-out attitudes and our obsolete institutions, stem from a single cause. That cause is the impact of science."

It is the growth of science in our time (within the last thirty years or so) in all fields, and the steady acceleration of this growth, which have confronted us with today's key social problems. The population explosion, automation ("the major domestic challenge of the sixties," according to the President), the gap between rich and poor nations, the cold war itself—all are largely by-products or aspects of the science revolution. The cold war, so-called, would have an entirely different meaning were it not for modern military technology. Much of the revolutionary ferment in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America has been stimulated by the universal awareness of how rapidly modern science and technology can transform the lives of the underprivileged. "The most pressing political issues of the future," writes Harvey Wheeler, "are not likely to be found in the annals of the New Deal electoral platforms. They are more likely to be derived from the political implications of a generation of undigested breakthroughs in basic theoretical science—social and physical."

But it is not merely that today's key issues derive from the scientific revolution. The revolution itself is transforming political institutions and relationships, in a variety of ways, at an astonishing pace. For example, in the last decade science has had an enormous impact on government; within a few years federal spending on research and government has soared to $10 billion a year, and this is only a fraction of what it will be by the end of the decade. "As a spending program," write Messrs. Dupre and Lakoff, "science is now second only to military-hardware procurement and Armed Forces personnel. It has become a fiscal giant that surpasses even agricultural price supports."

A society based on a high-level technology must have effective government. It demands planning. It is certain to fashion a new relationship between government and industry, between government and science. It will require a drastic overhauling of many social, economic and political institutions. It will also require the introduction of new techniques of administration and control, new methods of decision-making, new types of administrators.

Previous periods have felt the impact of science, but we are *dependent* on science; there is a difference. At the rate the scientific revolution is accelerating, writes Carl F. Stover ("The Government of Science"), it threatens to tear the fabric of society apart. The federal government is no longer merely *aiding* science and technology; it is, as Stover notes, *guiding* them, often in ways and directions which many scientists do not approve. In fact, writes Stover, "The government's relationship to science and technology appears primarily exploitive." The huge growth of science, particularly "big science," has greatly increased the number of science administrators; it is undermining the autonomy of universities. "When one testifies before a Congressional committee," remarks Dr. Hans Bethe, "one often has the impression that the purpose of the hearing is not to search out the facts and then reason a solution, but that the solution has been determined and a hearing will now put such facts on the record as will support the solution." In the scientific community itself there is a kind of democratic process; but when scientists are directed and financed by such institutions as the Army, Navy, Air Force and the AEC, the process of decision-making, of establishing priorities for research, of determining goals, becomes, Dr. Bethe suggests, "amorphous and very hard to control. . . . It is sometimes doubtful whether it is really a democratic process that is going on." At the same time, the individual citizen is made to feel that his place is being usurped by the expert, by computers.

We have given very little thought to these and a host of related issues. And we have not seen anything yet; wait until the biologists begin to apply the knowledge they have acquired in breaking the genetic code!

YET so far as our politics is concerned, the scientific revolution never happened. For example, nothing that we do has the slightest tendency to arrest the growth of agricultural surpluses; quite the contrary. We cut the acreage, and crop yields increase. We lower price supports, and the surplus soars. Last year we paid a sum equal to $3 for every man, woman and child in the nation to idle a large part of the acreage devoted to raising corn. This trimmed output some, but the government still has about $2.3 billion tied up in surplus corn, some of which is now five years old. And now we are told of a new marvel — "the multi-eared corn" — which will yield up to six ears per stalk! (*The Wall Street Journal*, January 31, 1962.) The announcement was not greeted with hosannas and the ringing of church bells, but with groans of dismay—plenty had defeated us once again.

We haven't the foggiest idea what to do with these farm surpluses; all we know is that we are getting fatter and fatter, that the food bill and the cholesterol count are rising, and that everyone is trying to reduce. Neither party has a program or the ghost of a program; in fact, we operate cur-

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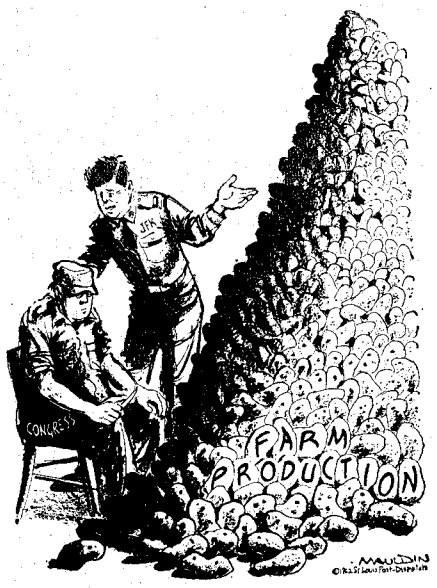

"Okay, buddy, start peeling!"

rently on a tacit bipartisan understanding that neither party will bait the other about farm surpluses, since neither knows what to do with them. Whether the Secretary of Agriculture is Conservative Benson or Liberal Freeman, it makes no difference; the surpluses mount. If either party would frankly acknowledge the *nature* of the dilemma, plenty, and its *cause,* the scientific revolution, then we might conceivably be able to work out an approach to the problem. But that day is not now.

WE can worry along somehow with farm surpluses; Dr. Teller wants us to bury them—against the day—and we may yet do so. In this area, the potential of sabotage is very great and sabotage is one means of coping with the problem. But what will we do when Man himself becomes "surplus"? What do we substitute for work both as a discipline and as a technique of social control and income distribution? The President is obviously right in his insistence that automation is "the major domestic challenge of the sixties," but the real challenge, perhaps, is what to do with Man. Both parties perform ancient political rites before the Great God Automation, mumbling incantations, calling conferences, holding hearings, praying that the apparition will go away. But, politically speaking, we have not even succeeded in defining the problem or measuring it, much less have we worked out even a rough blueprint for what might be done about it—except to offer such puny suggestions as "retraining" for jobs that simply do not exist.

Need for Adjustment

THE fact is that we have not adjusted our politics to the scientific revolution. Writes Dr. Rafael Delgado of the United Nations Secretariat:

> Science and Technology have learned to control the human environment and are now exploring outer space, but the problem areas of human relationships have not been explored enough to help man transform intelligently his world. Trapped by ancient problems and faced with more and more new ones, we are not able to find the right solutions. . . . Politics, nationally and internationally, continues to resort to Machiavellian techniques and primitive methods of revolution and war. Political science has not yet devised new systems for the new age, in which order and freedom, individuals and societies, national and international interests, can be made fully compatible.

In fact, as Allan Temko has written, our age

> . . . has no politics—if politics are to be understood, as they have been by civilized men since Aristotle, as rational control of human affairs. Instead of politics, the twentieth century has power. And power, as Henry Adams wryly observed half a century ago, "is poison." How poisonous unlimited modern power can be, how toxic are even its minor ramifications, should be reckoned not only in a count of Strontium-90, but also in the relatively less sinister, but equally fatal, evils that everywhere afflict mankind.
>
> These evils grow not because of the expansion of industrial technology —potentially the most precious of man's material inventions—but because of the misuse of technology. Our machines, properly used, could transform this world into an Eden. Every educated person knows this, and even illiterate people, in "an age of rising expectations," sense the potential beauty and majesty of a truly civilized industrial society. But we have no politics to equal our technology, much less our science, and therefore not only Russian, American, British and French nuclear bombs have poisoned the environment, but the exploitation of the natural environment for supposedly peaceful and useful purposes has itself become a poisonous process, appalling to behold, almost impossible to believe, wherever this modern revolution has really taken hold.

It is our failure to state the central issue of our times *in political terms* that prevents us from fashioning the new politics we so desperately need. The longer we delay, the more "politics" per se will be discredited and the more we will hear of "alienation" and "apathy." It is not surprising that politicians and parties have failed to come up with solutions to the major problems of our time; what is depressing is that they have not identified the central issue. It takes time to work out programs for problems of the magnitude we face, but if we could agree on the central issue itself, then we could at least start to work on solutions. If the central issue were identified, the liberal-conservative tension would once again generate movement in our politics. The "liberal" is addicted to "scientism"; he tends to think that science has a solution for every problem—right now. The "conservative," on the other hand, is a natural ecologist; he has no illusions about "problem-solving." Liberal and conservative, then, would differ sharply about the tempo of change, the speed of adjustment, the means to be used. This is the debate we need—not anachronistic debates and filibusters on civil rights staged on the eve of the centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation.

Beginnings of a New Politics

NEW forces that conceivably may precipitate the new politics are beginning to emerge at the margins—or just outside—of the established organizations and parties. For example, the "peace movement," for want of a better term, which began to emerge last fall, is at least facing in the right political direction. Like the civil-rights movement in the South, the peace movement is seeking a way out of the political trap in which we find ourselves. Neither party will do for Negroes in the South what should be done; Southern Negroes must emancipate themselves, as they are doing; and, in the process, new po-

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litical energies are being released. And so with the peace movement. The "bomber" liberals of both parties will have nothing to do with the movement, nor will the "hard line" conservatives of both parties. Not surprisingly, therefore, here and there "peace candidates" are being entered in primaries or preparing to run as independents, and "peace programs" are being drafted in impressive volume.

Not surprisingly, too, new faces are to be seen in both the peace and civil-rights movements. These "new arrivals" in politics include middle-class housewives, Negro students and ministers, an emerging Southern Negro middle class, students, self-employed professionals, campus elements (students, graduate students, faculty), "cultural workmen," artists, writers, scientists—elements that feel new "tides of change" and want to move with them. Established groups and organizations have contributed very little to either movement—organized religion no more than organized labor. What characterizes the "new arrivals" is their sense that we need a new politics; that is, new political ideas and issues, if not new parties. Instinctively, they hold the classic view that the pursuit of the common good is the purpose of politics—not the acquisition of power, the endless build-up of arms and armaments. They sense, too, that this new politics should logically arise in this country where the first fully matured industrial, mass-consumption society has emerged—a society in which the problems of the future are more clearly exhibited than elsewhere. Writes Allan Temko:

> We need a new politics . . . and possibly the brave and innocent spontaneity of the women who have demonstrated in behalf of peace is one of the first steps toward such a new politics. . . . The new politics must be kind and generous to a degree mankind has not yet had the common sense to contemplate. It must be motivated not only by a respect for people as individuals—a respect I see almost nowhere among the governments of the major powers—but also by love. The modern world at its best, supposedly so rational in its pursuit of the earthly paradise, has nevertheless been afraid of love, as it has been afraid of philosophical mystery, and afraid of politics. In the end this means that it has been afraid of man. And man ends by being afraid of his machines.

HERE and there an attempt is made to fashion a "New Left," but what has been created is rooted in nostalgia. This "New Left" attempts merely to put a new gloss on the causes of the 1930s. (Individuals such as Raymond Williams have tried to fashion a concept of the "New Left" that, with its emphasis on education and culture, might provide a new set of issues; there is much in what he says, but William Morris said most of it.) It has tried to salvage the basic Marxist theses while tossing overboard the less defensible propositions. Granted that this makes for a somewhat more acceptable and attractive package, still it is far from being a freshly-thought-out approach to today's problems.

> We are now in the midst of a new and unprecedented scientific revolution [to quote from a statement adopted by the American Association for the Advancement of Science (Interim Committee on the Social Aspects of Science, 1956)], which promises to bring about profound changes in the condition of human life. The forces and processes now coming under human control are beginning to match in size and intensity those of nature itself, and *our total environment is now subject to human influence.* In this situation it becomes imperative to determine that these new powers shall be used for the maximum human good, for, if the benefits to be derived from them are great, the possibility of harm is correspondingly serious. [Italics added.]

The power to control implies the power to poison, to wreck, even to destroy. If this power is to be subject to democratic control, if it is to be used wisely, if it is to be directed to ends of world-wide meaning and acceptance, then we must have a new politics based on the new realities of the scientific revolution. If, instead of being more or less at the mercy of his environment, man is now to assume control of his total environment—with implications of biological control as well—he will need a new politics to match his new responsibilities. For this once lowly, miserable creature, flea-bitten and diseased, brutal and impoverished, is about to assume control of his destiny.

Debates With Soviet Scholars . . *by Konrad B. Krauskopf*

MOST Americans believe that the Soviet citizen must be a basically unhappy person. He lives under a system of government that is repugnant to us, so we bolster our self-esteem and our confidence in our own institutions by imagining him as dissatisfied with his lot and envious of the better life in the West. The stereotype we have of the Russian is useful also in helping us to allay anxiety about the cold war: if enough Soviet citizens are unhappy, we can hope that some day political disturbances within Russia will weaken, or even eliminate, our great antagonist. Because this image of Soviet life is so pleasing to American readers, newspapers and magazines in this country magnify every scrap of evidence that seems to indicate dissatisfaction behind the iron curtain. The picture of the unhappy Russian has thus become as firmly engraved on our minds as the image of the discontented American, ruthlessly exploited by profit-hungry millionaires, has become fixed in the mind of the Russian.

One of the shocks that await a visitor to the Soviet Union is the discovery that his preconceived stereo-

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type does not fit the facts as he finds them. The Russians seem happy—indecently so for the citizens of a slave-state. It is disconcerting to find them not only happy but remarkably like Americans—friendly, informal, hospitable, with a sense of humor and an optimistic outlook very similar to our own. The visitor can preserve his stereotype only by supposing that the Russians are so steeped in Communist ideology that they have lost all ordinary sense of human values, or by imagining that the particular people he meets are part of a huge propaganda scheme arranged to give Soviet life a glittering façade for his express benefit. The longer one stays in the Soviet Union the more untenable either alternative seems.

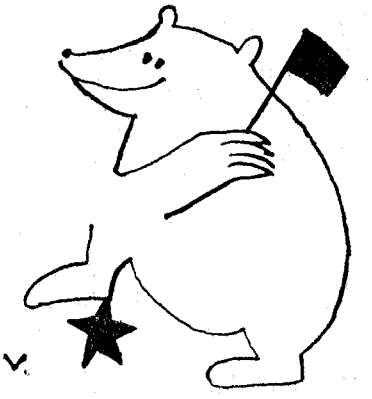
This is not to say that everyone in Russia is happy all the time. Such a statement would be as foolish about the Soviet Union as about any other country. Unquestionably, in part of the population, there is deep discontent with the drabness and the restrictions of Soviet life. Unquestionably also, one reason why the discontent is not as obvious as one might expect is the brutal fact that most of those who would feel the discontent most acutely and most vocally have long since fled the country or been exterminated. But, regardless of the present views of a minority and regardless of historical reasons, an important circumstance in the present world is the apparent sense of well-being that Soviet citizens present to a casual visitor. Even on the unlikely assumption that all Russians are consummate actors, concealing their frustrations behind a smiling mask, the circumstance is still important. For if Russians can make this impression on a Western visitor, they can with equal success impress the peoples of underdeveloped countries, and thereby can give communism an especially convincing sort of advertisement.

TO GO beyond these casual tourist observations, one must make the acquaintance of a group of Russians willing to compare notes on the relative advantages of life under communism and capitalism. During a visit to the Soviet Union in March, 1961, I had an extraordinarily favorable opportunity to make such an exploration of Russian attitudes, as expressed by a particular group in Soviet society. My mission was primarily scientific—to visit laboratories and talk with Russian colleagues in the fields of geology and geochemistry. By great good fortune I was traveling alone, with an able interpreter who is also a geologist; for nearly a month I did not even speak to a Westerner, and so could feel completely immersed in Russian life. Most of my scientific colleagues showed great eagerness to talk about social and political, as well as scientific, subjects.

This group of Soviet citizens, it must be emphasized, is a very special one. Scientists occupy a high place in Soviet society, higher than in our own. The men I talked with have much larger salaries and more privileges than most Russians. They are all good Communists; they have benefited greatly from the Communist regime, and they would inevitably paint the accomplishments of communism in glowing colors. The viewpoint they represent is certainly prejudiced, but it is nevertheless an important one for Americans to know. These are proud products of the Soviet educational system, men who in some measure can speak for the intellectual classes as a whole. Furthermore, they are men who will frequently be called on for technical missions beyond the iron curtain, and who will therefore have more opportunity than most to influence the thinking of people in other lands.

To talk with men like these is a profoundly unsettling experience. Their technical education was similar to my own. Their daily habits of life, their avocational interests, their aspirations for the future, were all disarmingly like those of an equivalent cross-section of American scientists. They had the same concern that I had for the seemingly irreconcilable political differences between our two countries. They were reasonable men, men who would argue a point at length and were willing to admit that they could be wrong. And yet somehow, after thinking long and deeply—and, from their point of view, dispassionately—about the problems that divide our troubled planet, they had reached conclusions diametrically opposite to those that a Westerner regards as self-evident.

Very quickly in these conversations I learned that my Soviet friends did not conform to the stereotype I had brought with me from the West. There was no hint that politics seriously interfered with scientific work, no sign that their lives outside the laboratory were intolerably regimented, no indication of hidden discontent or of envy of the West. On the contrary, these scientists had apparently found under communism the conditions for a full, happy, productive life. Complaints there were, about such matters as cramped working space and delays in getting lab-



oratory equipment, but no complaints about life in general or about adequate support for scientific research. Would I have heard more complaining if I could have become better acquainted, and especially if I could have talked with them in their own language? Very possibly, but I doubt that the complaints would have been really fundamental. The zest for life of these scientists, their enthusiasm for their work, and the simple statistics on the number of good scientific papers they have turned out, speak eloquently against any major discontent preying seriously on their minds.

AN IMPORTANT part of their world outlook, and I suspect a major reason for their apparent satisfaction with life, is a deep enthusiasm for communism. Despite the obvious failures of the Communist regime, which are as evident to these scientists as to a visitor from the West—failures that extend from the pitiful meagerness of shop-window displays

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to the widely publicized difficulties in meeting agricultural quotas—my geological acquaintances were uniformly dedicated to Marxist ideals. It is difficult to convey their almost religious sense of mission, of participation in a great movement that will make the world a better place. I have detected this same missionary zeal in the words of other Soviet citizens, people with whom my interpreter and I stopped to chat on the street or in public conveyances. Ideological fervor is far from universal, I am sure—too many reports have come out of Russia about the disillusionment and cynicism of parts of the population, especially among the younger people. But enough of the old revolutionary drive persists to make it an important part of Soviet strength, a part to which we give too little heed in this country. "You Americans had your revolution 180 years ago," one of my geological friends explained. "But now your revolution has died, and you have become rich and reactionary. In the future, our Communist revolution will be the hope of the world."

NOT ONLY did these geologists fail to fit the stereotype by showing a decent awareness of the restrictions on their freedom, but on the contrary seemed genuinely grateful for the freedom which their Communist government had brought them and genuinely puzzled by the pretensions of Westerners to have more freedom than they have. This curious attitude reflects a common sort of misunderstanding in our conversations, arising out of the usage of words. By "freedom" a Soviet citizen means something different from our ordinary American usage—or more accurately, he ranks various kinds of freedom in a different order of importance. High on his list, for example, would be freedom from exploitation, from the necessity of working for the profit of another person. Freedom of opportunity is also a prized possession—the freedom to obtain an education up to the limit of his ability and then to work at a job of his own choosing. Freedom from economic insecurity, from the fear of unemployment or medical expense or hardship in old age, is another blessing which my scientist friends repeatedly emphasized. Freedom of discussion, freedom to talk among themselves and with foreigners on a variety of topics, is also valued highly, perhaps especially so because this is a freedom that has come to the USSR only in recent years. How real and how widespread these various aspects of freedom actually are in the Soviet Union, I have no way of knowing. But that they seem real to a group of educated Soviet citizens, and that they are paraded as proud accomplishments of communism, are facts highly relevant, I think, to any effort to understand Soviet attitudes.

In this connection, a Westerner must keep in mind also that Soviet citizens do not ordinarily compare themselves with people of other countries, but rather with themselves and their families at other periods of Russian history. An American looking at the Russian scene is oppressed by the drabness of life, the absence of luxuries, the ponderous bureaucracy, the conformity of thought, all of which by comparison with his own life make communism seem like a blight. The Russian makes a different comparison: he thinks of his ancestors oppressed by the czars, or of himself only a few years ago tyrannized by Stalin, and in this context his present life seems truly blessed by an abundance of freedom.

FOR some kinds of freedom which we cherish in the West my Soviet friends admitted a measure of envy. One is freedom of speech—freedom not only to discuss, but to write and to express publicly, dissenting opinions. Another is freedom to secure information, especially critical discussions of important issues from various points of view. A third is freedom to travel. These freedoms, I was told, have not yet been granted in the Soviet Union, but doubtless will be as the country becomes stronger.

Here more than anywhere else, it seemed to me, my acquaintances betrayed their naïveté and the one-sidedness of their education outside their professional fields. They granted that these freedoms were desirable, they hoped vaguely that restrictions on them would be lifted, but their desires had no sense of urgency. It would be nice to have opinions expressed freely; it would be interesting to see how news is reported in the West, it would be fun to travel to Europe and America—but none of this seemed vitally important in the sense that it could change their world-view materially. Somehow the indoctrination in Communist ideology to which they have been subjected all through school, and the constant reiteration of slanted news in papers, magazines, radio and television, have so convinced them of the wisdom of their government and the sufficiency of their news sources that they feel no real need of enlightenment.

It comes as a shock to an American to learn that the sort of freedom to which he is accustomed does not have a spontaneous appeal to those brought up in other traditions. He discovers very quickly from intimate conversation with a Russian just how complicated, how sophisticated, how dependent on long historical development the Western concept of freedom really is. The frightening thing here is to reflect that people in the uncommitted nations of the earth have just as little background of freedom as have the Russians, and must experience at least as much difficulty in comprehending the Western meaning of the word. The Russians, on the other hand, can give the idea of freedom a very real meaning of their own, a simpler meaning with more direct appeal to the uneducated. Freedom from exploitation, freedom of opportunity, freedom from economic insecurity—how much easier it is to make these goals seem real to an unlettered peasant than the freedom to hold and express dissenting opinions!

Political freedom—the freedom to choose and elect candidates for public office—was a difficult subject to discuss with my scientist friends, again because we used words in different senses. Part of my stereotype regarding the Soviet Union had been the conviction that educated Russians must use words like "democracy" and "republic" with tongue-in-cheek, since clearly elections in which voters are presented with a single slate of candidates, and in which 99 per cent majorities are cus-

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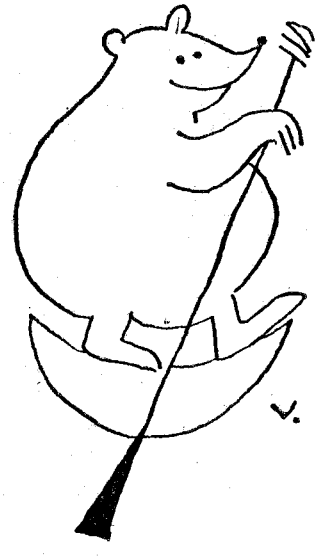
tomary, must necessarily be a travesty of democratic procedure. Yet I found that my friends were stanch democrats, in their own sense of the word. Essential democracy, it was explained to me, operates in the Soviet Union in the meetings of factory workers, neighborhood groups, collective-farm workers and so on, where candidates are chosen for the ballot. Here the qualifications of different individuals are argued long and vociferously. Once a slate of candidates has been chosen by this town-meeting procedure, and once the candidates have received the seal of party approval, the election itself is merely a showpiece, a way for the community to express its solidarity.

This, to my Soviet acquaintances, is democracy at work—no question of financial backing, no long and costly campaigns, just a chance for every citizen to express his views in an open meeting. They compared this system invidiously with American methods: "How can you claim to have 'democracy' and 'free elections' in America, when candidates for office must have money behind them, and when before the election the opinions of the voters are manipulated by the expenditure of enormous sums for radio and television?" One can tell oneself despairingly that their ideas about American elections are grossly distorted, and their ideas about Soviet procedures childishly naive; but the important point is that *in their own minds* they think they practice democracy, and that they even regard their democracy as superior to the money-tainted American variety. These are scientists talking, not professional politicians, and their knowledge of political matters is far from profound. But they have a simple faith in the effectiveness of their kind of democracy which, like their ideas of freedom, is readily exportable to the uneducated people of other lands.



THE question of arbitrary arrest for political deviation often came up in our conversations. As part of my Western picture of life in the Soviet Union, I had thought that people lived in terror of the midnight knock-at-the-door, the sudden spiriting away to primitive camps in Siberia. When I expressed ideas of this sort, they were greeted with incredulity. "Don't you people in America know how conditions have changed in the Soviet Union during the past ten years?" was the usual response. I was assured on several occasions that the Siberian camps have been emptied of their political prisoners, and that political nonconformity is now corrected by psychological or social pressures rather than by imprisonment. Here again my acquaintances betrayed what seems, to a Westerner, an amazing naïveté: because, in their minds, communism has proved so successful, they could not seem to understand how serious political deviation could arise in the Soviet Union, except in immature or diseased minds.

In their own political views, my friends were discouragingly, monotonously uniform, much more so than would be a similar cross-section of American scientists. When I pointed this fact out, my hearers were unimpressed. "We do have differences of opinion among ourselves on some political questions, for example the management of collective farms, the providing of incentives for industrial workers, the handling of problems like alcoholism and juvenile delinquency. But how can there be differences among reasonable men regarding the basic correctness of the Communist organization of society?" In the face of such unquestioning acceptance, argument becomes fruitless. I have no way of establishing the accuracy of my informants' claim that secret arrest in the USSR is a thing of the past, but in their own thinking, at least, they feel that they live in a society which has developed sensible and humane ways of handling political deviants.

REGARDING the foreign relations of the Soviet Union, the geologists I talked with saw themselves as citizens of a country that is riding the wave of the future, opposed by a capitalist world that is still strong, but fated to collapse from the weight of its own inner contradictions. We had curiously similar distorted images of each other's position. I pointed out to my friends, again following my Western stereotype, that they were the unwitting tools of a gigantic conspiracy centered in a small group of power-mad, unscrupulous men who control the Russian Communist Party; and I was laughed at on the grounds that I had been "listening to too much Western propaganda." My friends in turn pitied me and my fellow Americans because we are allegedly innocent victims of a plot for world conquest engineered by a small group of profit-hungry millionaires who sit behind the scenes and pull the strings that control our government, press and radio. (This time it was my turn to laugh.) Starting with these diametrically opposite premises, we found difficulty in discussing world problems rationally.

In underdeveloped countries, my friends saw simply spontaneous revolutions by the long-suffering, cruelly exploited masses, revolutions which the Soviet Union must aid with advice and materiel because of its interest in the welfare of workers and peasants everywhere. The Communist take-over in the satellite countries of Eastern Europe they pictured also as a series of spontaneous revolts by the oppressed proletariat, aided only by "advisers" from the Soviet Union. In Hungary, they were aware that force had been used—but this was a special case, and they were surprisingly critical of their own government for its handling of the Hungarian uprising.

In general, Eastern Europe was evidently an area about which my acquaintances were poorly informed. The German situation, in particular, was almost wholly unknown: my friends were sure that West Germany, under American tutelage, was

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rapidly becoming a heavily armed, Fascist state, but they were quite unaware of the mass exodus from the East German Communist paradise before the Berlin wall was built, of the barbed wire and watchtowers along the East German border, and of the great difference in living standards between East and West Germany.

Whatever difficulties may appear on the international scene, my geologist friends were convinced that war must not be used as a solution. At this stage in history, communism and capitalism should exist peaceably side by side. Communism, in their view, must triumph eventually, but through the inner decay of capitalism rather than military conquest. War, they insisted, could never start from the Communist side, but would be possible only as a result of aggressive acts directed by the millionaires who control America.

IN summary, the scientists I met seemed to look on themselves as happy and well-adjusted, enthusiastic about their work, proud of having risen from lowly origins, dedicated to a form of government that they regard as an answer to the world's ills. This government, despite many past and present mistakes, has now given them a satisfying measure of freedom and a form of democracy, both of which they think are exportable to other countries. They are desperately worried about the possibility of another war, but are convinced that the initiative for such a war will never come from the Communist side. In all of these ways, my Soviet friends seemed very different from the image I had built up in my mind before I passed through the iron curtain.

To learn that our familiar stereotype of Soviet life is false need make us no more sympathetic to communism, and certainly no less convinced of the ultimate superiority of Western ideas. But it does make the world more complicated. Our stereotype is so easy, so comforting, so flattering to our self-esteem: the Russian people are essentially much like us; therefore they must think like us; therefore they cannot really be happy under communism; and therefore we have only to bide our time until they rebel, until they and we together can overthrow the small group of diabolical Communists who seek to control the world. To discover, on the contrary, that communism can give reasonable, educated men a satisfying kind of life, that communism can have a genuine emotional appeal to millions of people, that Communists can attach persuasive meaning to words like "freedom" and "democracy"—this means at once that our continuing struggle with communism takes on a new dimension. For it is not alone a struggle of economic competition, not alone an armament race, but a very real struggle of powerful ideas for the minds of men.

As long as we maintain our simple black-and-white stereotype, as long as we willfully exaggerate the weaknesses of communism and turn our eyes from its strengths, just so long do we put ourselves at an enormous disadvantage in this contest of ideas.

TASK FORCE FOR PEACE . . *by David Spurgeon*

IN THE FALL of 1959, a Canadian engineer and nuclear physicist named Norman Z. Alcock was asked by his firm to transfer with his company from Oakville, Ontario, to Princeton, New Jersey. Alcock, who was forty-one, earning $15,000 a year and headed for bigger things, made what was, for himself and his family, a momentous decision. He decided not to go.

He had no other job in mind; in fact he had no intention, for the moment, of getting one. But for some time he had felt vaguely that he should be doing something more worth while than helping to raise the living standards of a part of the world that needed it least. And when this particular turning point came in his career, his humanitarian urge became irresistible — and found its object in the cause of world peace. To Alcock, it was clear that mankind's overwhelming problem was the constant threat of thermonuclear war, and he resolved to take time out to consider ways of removing it.

In less than three years, Alcock's decision led to the incorporation of the Canadian Peace Research Institute — the first, it is hoped, of a world-wide network of institutes which, using reason and the methods of science, "might just discover the political and social inventions needed for a warless world."

Alcock's idea, born in the fifteen months he spent "taking time out to think," has attracted the support of a large number of Canadians. The booklet describing it (*The Bridge of Reason*, published privately in March, 1961) now goes into a second printing after having sold 22,000 copies. During the last year, Alcock has delivered perhaps a hundred lectures to audiences varying from six to 2,500 persons. The institute, incorporated as a non-profit organization, has a fund drive under way across Canada with the aid of volunteers from five major peace groups. Thirteen of its projected twenty-member board of directors have been appointed.

The board includes some surprisingly influential persons, some of them distinct conservatives: Dr. Francis R. Joubin, who led in the discovery and development of most of Canada's uranium-ore reserves and who is a director of the Guaranty Trust Co. and Canadian Metal Mining Association; Dr. G. Brock Chisholm, a former director of the World Health Organization; Dr. Kenneth E. Boulding, former professor of po-

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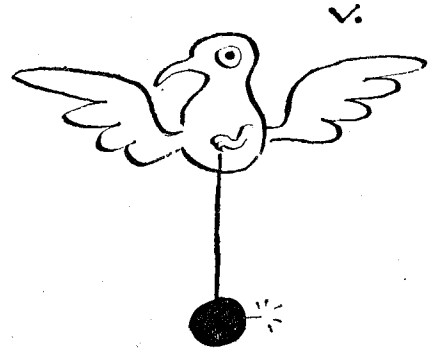
litical economy at McGill University and now co-director of the University of Michigan's Center for Research on Conflict Resolution; Francis G. Winspear, corporation president and former president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce; Walter C. Koerner, a director of the Toronto-Dominion Bank and a university governor; Dr. Hugh L. Keenleyside, chairman of the British Columbia Power Commission and former Director General of the U.N. Technical Assistance Administration; Gerard Pelletier, editor-in-chief of *La Presse,* French-language daily newspaper; Prof. Pierre Trudeau of the University of Montreal's Institute of Public Law, formerly economic adviser to Canada's Privy Council; the Rt. Rev. James S. Thomson, former university president and moderator of the United Church of Canada; and Mrs. W. D. Tucker, University of Toronto lecturer and United Nations Association official.

THE INSTITUTE is thus not a protest group in the classic sense—a product of the underprivileged and those who represent them. Nor is it a movement from the political far Left. It seems rather an expression of the sense of frustration which thoughtful people feel in the face of a threatening nuclear calamity, and of their desire to use their intelligence to avert it.

Alcock himself could be described as a product of the Establishment. He climbed the academic ladder in the approved fashion, obtaining a B.Sc. at Queen's University in electrical engineering, an M.S. in the same field at California Institute of Technology, and a Ph.D. in physics at McGill University. He carried out radar research with Canada's National Research Council and with the Telecommunications Research Establishment in England, and later joined Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd. at Chalk River.

In two respects, his plan was born of war. The firm he left to work it out had originally been founded by himself and three AECL colleagues as Isotope Products, Ltd., putting to peaceful uses the knowledge gained from nuclear-weapons research. And his plan of action is based on lessons learned from radar development during the war.

The plan, as presented in his booklet, envisions the setting up of a network of peace institutes throughout the world, whose purpose is to seek means for averting the present drift toward war. The institutes, staffed by reputable scientists and scholars of every nationality, would be devoted to the full-time study of the physical, economic and social conditions that lead to war. They would have the confidence of governments, yet be independent of them. Their purpose would be fact-finding and suggestive only; they would attempt neither to act as pressure groups nor



to implement their findings, but simply to make these findings widely available—especially to governments. They would eschew political alignments of any kind.

THE approach is to be multi-disciplinary. Staff, which in the Canadian institute will number initially twenty-five to fifty salaried scientists, will include psychiatrists, biologists, anthropologists, sociologists, historians, economists, mathematicians and physical scientists. The exact program has not yet been laid down, but suggested areas of study include:

> ¶The barriers to arms control and to establishment of a world authority. This would involve analyses of the fear of disarmament and suggestions for countering this fear.
>
> ¶The development of safeguards against accidental war. This involves creation of methods to prevent accidental nuclear explosions; the improvement of communications among major powers to avoid the "escalation" of a nuclear incident into nuclear war; an analysis of U.N. policing activities.
>
> ¶The compilation of a "Yearbook" on international tensions which political scientists could use to predict trouble ahead, much as weather maps enable meteorologists to predict storms.

Alcock conferred for many months with Canadian government and international scientific and business leaders before formulating his plan. He acknowledges the influence of such people as Dr. T. F. Lentz, Dr. Leo Szilard, C. Wright Mills, Harrison Brown and James Real. He considers his work in the nature of a crash program—much as radar research was in Britain before and during World War II. And like radar research, peace research must use "the methods of science and reason" because

> . . . They are [he writes in his descriptive booklet] the most powerful tools available to man. It was man's ability to reason critically in the physical sciences which caused his phenomenal progress in technology—for good or evil. It was his ability to reason critically in the biological sciences which caused him to rid himself of his ancient ailments and diseases, and to grow food in abundance.
>
> And it will be his ability to reason critically in the social sciences which will bring about equal advances in the field of social diseases. The greatest of these is war.

"The problem of peace," says Dr. Boulding, "is in the social system. We must seek solutions in the social and behavioral sciences."

Central to Alcock's idea is the concept of small groups of scientists and scholars, working as teams, who must be internationally minded, competent, cooperative and "sufficiently foolhardy, or courageous, to drop present quests and throw energies and reputations into a search for peace." A thousand men, working together, "might just discover the political and social inventions needed for a warless world," he says. "Therefore let us at once search for these critical few—in the five or ten years left to us they may be our brightest hope."

The search is already under way. Alcock's group plans to begin hiring staff now, but recruitment will be stepped up after the current campaign for funds has ended. The group

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believes that it could make a start on the first peace institute—to be established on an Eastern Canadian university site this year—with $4,000,000. Public subscriptions totaling $2,000,000 now are being sought across the country. The other $2,000,000 will be sought from governments. Alcock says frankly that there is no indication yet that such grants will be forthcoming. But they have not yet been requested and, informally, members of all political parties and some government leaders have proved sympathetic.

Half of the $4,000,000 sought would be used to provide initial establishment of the institute and to cover its first four years of operation. The other half would be used to set up an International Peace Research Fund to provide grants to promote the establishment of similar institutes in other countries.

The response to Alcock's plan seems remarkable when one considers how many peace groups were already in operation. Five of the major groups have, in fact, discreetly supported him—discreetly because they do not want to alienate other potential supporters not in agreement with themselves. The five groups are the Canadian Committee for Control of Radiation Hazards, the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the Voice of Women, the Society of Friends and the World Federalists of Canada.

To a surprising degree, Alcock has managed to overcome the suspicion with which many conservative elements regard peace groups. That bastion of Canadian conservatism, the Empire Club of Canada, invited him to speak at one of their luncheon-meetings recently, and gave him an extremely warm reception. He spoke to large groups of young people in Timothy Eaton Memorial United Church (named for one of Canada's merchant princes and still run in the conservative tradition). And he has attracted the interest of the Men's Club of Westmount United Church in Montreal's most prosperous suburb, and Toronto's Beth Tzedec Synagogue and St. Michael's College.

Individual scientists and businessmen have shown great interest and sympathy, but there has been no endorsement by science or business as a whole. Enthusiasm has been shown by individuals in all three political parties—yet none has officially backed the plan. On the other hand, several trade unions have. "The biggest response," says Alcock, "comes from the concerned public. And this grass-roots support is most important." Press reaction has varied. Alcock's home-town weekly in Oakville—a few miles from Toronto—editorially turned thumbs down on his plan. But the Montreal *Star* praised it, and of fifty editorials on his plan that have appeared in dailies and weeklies, three-quarters were favorable. And individually, many writers, broadcasters and entertainment people have provided much support, and out of their ranks has been formed the institute's Communications Committee.

There has also been criticism. Some claim the whole thing is impractical; others maintain that this is not a role for science to play, that peace will result from political action, not scientific research. To the latter, Alcock answers that the institutes are not designed to usurp the functions of government, but only to provide them with information with which they can carry out their functions more intelligently. And to the former, Mr. Joubin, Ontario campaign manager, replies: "We do not delude ourselves that research institutes alone will solve the tragic problem of war, any more than the medical profession has eliminated all 'incurable' diseases. But no one will deny the value and need of medical research."

Perhaps the most trenchant questions being asked are these: Assuming the institute actually does produce some findings, will it come up with anything different from the abundance of suggestions that have been made in the past by many different groups? And is there any assurance that, if it does, these findings will be put to good use? Alcock's answer is simple: "How will we know until we try?"

BRAINS for the MISSILE RACE . . *by Carl Dreher*

CONTRARY to recurrent alarums, there is no general shortage of engineers in the United States. There is only a shortage of engineers who, in the jargon of the employment agencies, can display "creativity," "grow professionally" and achieve "breakthroughs" in ever more destructive missiles and farther-ranging spacecraft. The shortage is caused in large part by the very people who cry that it imperils the "survival" of the United States. Some of these anxious patriots are educators, some are engaged in recruiting (and on occasion pirating) engineers on behalf of the great defense corporations, some are in government or military service. They include elder statesmen of the engineering community and industrialists, some of whom are also engineers. Their beliefs are important, not only to the engineers, but to the country as a whole.

If we are to judge by actions, these guides and mentors believe that only men can be engineers, the few exceptions merely serving to prove the rule. They evidently believe also that only men with degrees can do the job, and the higher the degree, the more valuable the man. By the same token, the better the grades of the student, the better will be the engineer in his maturity; for the very best results, he should have obtained these good grades at one of the best schools. A further article of faith is that engineers deteriorate with age and most of them are not much good after forty, unless they have become vice presidents by that time.

The rank and file of engineers are not convinced that these propositions

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are axiomatic or borne out by experience. But they have other troubles. They are hired and fired *ad libitum* by the smaller, weaker companies, and sometimes by the larger ones, as company fortunes wax and wane at the Pentagon, although the engineers themselves may have little or nothing to do with these shifts in fortune. Or a company may hoard engineers in anticipation of a big contract, or to impress the table-of-organization experts who come by to inspect and evaluate. Young engineers, and sometimes old ones, may find themselves working as clerks or draftsmen. Although creativity is so greatly desired, engineers' employment contracts customarily provide that their brain children shall belong to the company, whether it has had anything to do with the invention or not.

THESE ITEMS by no means sum up the folkways of engineering practice in the warfare state, but they give an idea of what goes on. To begin with sex: about 1 per cent of American engineers are women, compared with about 33 per cent in the Soviet Union. Here, women are simply not wanted in engineering (although the few who manage to become engineers are highly regarded by their employers) and few young women are interested in careers in science or technology. The American mores appear to be solidly opposed and the mores are apparently more important than the survival of the country, which we are simultaneously assured is at stake.

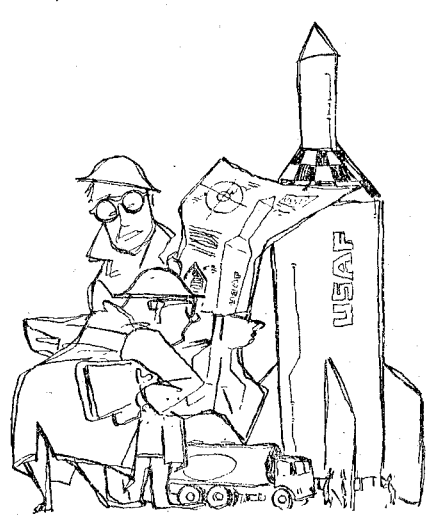
The high cost of an engineering education reinforces the sex disqualification: parents are less willing to make the sacrifices involved on behalf of girls than boys, and probably scholarships and fellowships are less readily available for girls. Those who win engineering degrees despite all obstacles do not receive equal treatment in salaries, promotions or status. The median annual income of engineers in 1960 (including those in executive and administrative positions) was $10,660; 1960 engineering graduates were earning from $5,500 to $7,200. I do not have the figures for women engineers, but the median for women employed in chemistry as engineers or scientists was $5,832; in physics, $6,562. And some of these women must have been employed for a long time. Not even the attraction of cheap labor can weigh against collective habit and custom.

Business Week (February 24, 1962) forecast the impending explosion of a theory which has dominated the corporations whose business depends vitally on scientists and engineers and on the universities that supply them. It has always been assumed that the most able engineers were developed from the best scholars in top-ranking schools. Such a correlation would seem probable on its face, and further credence has been lent to it by the need of recruiters and personnel managers for a yardstick in judging newcomers. As is the way in such matters, the yardstick became a fetish, applied not only to recent graduates but to engineers with experience of fifteen years and more. At the evaluation interview of such an applicant, old enough to have a son at college, the interviewer may routinely ask about the college grade-point average not of the son, but of the father. Apparently a low average can be expiated only in purgatory. It is almost as if Arthur Kantrowitz, one of our leading space scientists and largely responsible for the solution of the reentry heating problem, were still being dogged by his expulsion from the Ethical Culture School in New York at the age of eleven because of outstandingly poor marks.

The general value of academic training in engineering surely requires no defense, but the extrapolation from college performance to performance in industry may be wholly unsound. Studies made by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (since absorbed by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration), Hughes Aircraft Company and another top-ranking corporation which refuses to be named, indicate that there is no correlation between salaries of engineers with six to eight years' experience and their academic records. Nor was any significant correlation found between salary and school, indicating, in the words of the Hughes report, that "it really didn't make too much difference from which school the engineer graduated, at least as far as salaries were concerned." Then the engineers were rated by a combination of the school rating and the student's grades. Again, the results showed "no correlation whatsoever" with salaries, according to the report.

It should be noted that the Hughes sample consisted of only ninety-nine engineers employed at one of the company's research laboratories in 1956, but the study made by the anonymous company is recent and reportedly confirms these results. NASA, which is in desperate need of skilled scientists and engineers, has asked the University of Utah to find a method of identifying creative engineering talent by some means other than college grades. Until the results become available in 1963, recruiters are presumably free to continue to woo the students with the highest grades.

CREATIVITY is most prized among research engineers, who are the closest in mental make-up to scientists (some *are* scientists). Probably, as a first approximation, salaries do reflect the desired trait. The next question is why the expected correlation between early and later performance does not emerge. One theory is that a student gets good grades by assimilating stock textbook answers and regurgitating them in tests. A creative student, on the contrary, impelled by his very creativity, may give answers phrased in terms unfamiliar to the assistant who marks the examination paper. Some of the answers may be partly wrong: creativity multiplies one's risks, both at school and later. But



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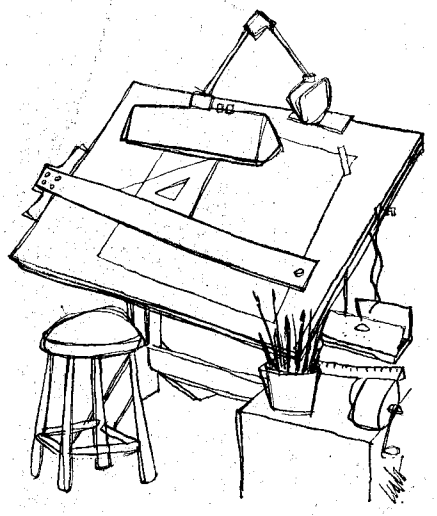

it also produces original ideas. "Backers of this line of thinking," the *Business Week* article says, "argue that our whole educational system is excessively tied to grade performance as the prime basis for scholarship awards and financial assistance from the federal government."

The lack of correlation is not really surprising. It simply means that human beings are very complex and no single criterion is predictive, especially when the environment changes as radically as it does between college and industry. A striking example is Edwin Howard Armstrong, who was responsible for the regenerative circuit, the superheterodyne and other basic radio inventions. In a climactic effort which ended with his suicide, he developed the system of FM broadcasting to which we owe most of our worth-while radio fare and all TV sound. It was a phenomenal exhibition of creativity extending over more than forty years, yet Armstrong was an indifferent student of electrical engineering. All he was interested in was radio.

Several of the other outstanding engineers I have known never went to college at all. One of them was the head of the GE research laboratory for many years; another rose rapidly in RCA, then founded a highly successful company of his own; a third became a vice president of both NBC and RCA; still another, with only an elementary school education, made a most ingenious and important invention in sound recording. Of course it would be absurd to argue from these examples that a good engineering education is not a valuable asset. However, the opposite theory, that without a doctorate one has no place in space engineering, is equally fanciful. The Ph.D. is probably overrated in many scientific projects, and the more so in engineering.

Lloyd Berkner, for example, is one of our outstanding men in electronics. He is just finishing a tour of duty as president of the Institute of Radio Engineers; he is president of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest; past president of Associated Universities, Inc., which operates the Brookhaven National Laboratory; he is a Rear Admiral in the USNR, and so on through a list of positions, medals and citations as long as your arm. He has six doctorates, all honorary. His only earned degree is a B.S. in E.E. from the University of Minnesota, which today would hardly qualify him as a parts-cataloguer.

Berkner's is no doubt an exceptional case, but it brings out a vital point. More important than his degrees are a man's genes, which are conferred on him by fate, and his acquired qualities — motivation, sense of responsibility, pleasure in his work, self-confidence and, perhaps not least, the ability to make use of the inner weaknesses with which he may have been born.

SINCE we are warned we must have as many engineers as the Russians, we might get some good ones with less education and more respect for the variables which make our best rules only approximations where human beings are concerned. The junior-college type of engineering education will fill the gap in many cases. It involves disadvantages and risks, but not as many as one might think. A two-year technical course in electronics, for instance, will not produce an electronics engineer, but it will do several things nearly as good. Don't let anyone tell you that everyone who gets an education can benefit by it and benefit the country—it is no more true than that ours is an "affluent" society. Many young men who cannot afford four to six years of college and graduate training, and consequently never go to college at all, could manage to attend a two-year technical school. Most of them would end up as technicians, not engineers; but a good assistant can save a graduate engineer's time and amplify his output. At the same time such courses would uncover born engineers capable of reaching the top decile in creativity, whom it is little short of a crime to lose.

There may be no other way to bring out the best in science and engineering than to mass-produce scientists and engineers. A science historian, Dr. Derek J. de Solla Price, has suggested that science has a pyramidal pattern of growth, in which the volume varies as the cube of the height. Thus, to raise the pinnacle, a great mass must be added to the whole structure. If this idea is valid, some pessimistic conclusions may be drawn. Certainly the monetary costs will be high. If we are to have, as the National Science Foundation estimates we should have, 2,500,000 scientists and engineers (including high school teachers of science and mathematics) in 1970, the present outlay of $3 billion annually will rise to $8.2 billion annually. A billion or so a year might be saved by applying the junior-college idea to engineering education, and probably with no loss in over-all efficiency. The principal problem might well be to re-educate the personnel men. As always, there are exceptions, but technical personnel work and the display advertising which supports it surely constitute one of the grossest forms of quackery extant in our society.

PEOPLE who feel frustrated or ill-used cannot do the best work of which they are capable. It is no secret that engineers are the most dissatisfied professional group in the country. At the 1961 convention of the Institute of Radio Engineers, I. Nevin Palley, president of International Telephone & Telegraph's Federal Laboratories, who has no possible motive for exaggerating engineer discontent, cited a survey showing that "more than 80 per cent of engineers are dissatisfied with their profession and many are doubtful that it is even a profession" (*Electronic News*, March 22, 1961). The basic reason, which breaks down into a variety of grievances (some of which I listed at the beginning of this article), is one that is seldom

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understood by the engineers themselves. They are disadvantaged by the normal workings of the free-enterprise system in their particular situation. Unlike physicians, the great majority of them are employees. For them, free enterprise means bargaining individually with corporate employers in a market in which the average seller of engineering services is still at a disadvantage vis-à-vis the buyer. The cold war has given the seller a better break, but usually nothing like equality. Engineers are for the most part unorganized and their professional societies, admirable as they are in some respects, give their members no protection whatsoever against the employing corporations in those cases where protection is needed.

UNTIL THE cold war came to their rescue, there was always a surplus of engineers. In the twenties and thirties, most of the great industrial corporations could afford to be so insouciant about technical personnel that few of them hired Jewish engineers. Negroes, of course, were even less employable. It is a measure of how benighted the policy makers of most of the corporations were then, and the way a lot of them would be again if they could afford it. Nor did the rank and file object.

Not unnaturally, the engineer tended to take on the political coloration of the corporations on which the scarce jobs depended. As a white-collar professional, he wished to distinguish himself from blue-collar technicians and was encouraged to do so. He continued to distinguish himself even when he found himself on the street with the blue-collar worker, or when his salary was cut. In the thirties, engineers' unions were formed, but the average engineer would no more have thought of joining a union than of joining the Communist Party. These attitudes persist, almost unchanged, in the face of changed circumstances.

True, there is another side to the story. Hack engineers abound, as do hack writers and hack doctors. A great deal of engineering work is elementary and a technological fireball would be wasted on it; but, as in every field, people must be adjusted to jobs and some demotions and dismissals are unavoidable. Often it is not an individual matter at all. The company which is badly run, or has a long stretch of bad luck, may be forced to lay off engineers. There are also many companies that are soundly administered and do a consistently good job, and whose engineering staffs prosper with the rest of the organization.

Despite these reservations, the over-all situation is not healthy. Dissatisfaction among engineers is so widespread that it cannot be laid to malcontents and incompetents. The basic trouble is that the engineer has no institutionalized defense against institutionalized maladjustments.

My own opinion is that eventually the engineering societies will be forced to step out of their purely technological roles and take cognizance of the troubles which plague so many of their members and impede the raising of the enlarged engineering force needed to prosecute the cold war and the space race. As things stand, the societies are largely financed and dominated by the corporations. This can be changed only if the engineers bring themselves up to date economically and politically and bestir themselves collectively in their own defense.

POLITICAL conservatism per se does not interfere with creativity, but anti-intellectualism does. Among young engineers, anti-intellectualism crops out in the form of adherence to a standardized personality make-up and rejection of idiosyncrasies of any description, even when these are tied to exceptional creativity. In *The Organization Man* (1956), William H. Whyte, Jr., tells of a group of GE trainees who were asked what they would do if a brilliant man like Steinmetz were to apply to them for a job. A few thought that because of the fraternity-like atmosphere of the training program, they could iron out his rough spots, but others felt Steinmetz would be too hopelessly antisocial for the GE of the 1950s. "I don't think we could put up with a fellow like that," one said. A trainee at another corporation said: "I would sacrifice brilliance for human understanding every time." "And they do, too," Whyte comments.

Aside from the grotesque spectacle of these neophytes blackballing the hunchbacked genius whose creativity is one of the pillars of their relative affluence, such attitudes cannot but contribute to the creativity deficit. Engineering has become almost unmanageably complex, what with spacecraft and the other developments emerging from the ever-fecund technological womb. Massed engineering battalions have been deployed to cope with problems which are too much for the individual or the members of any one specialty. Consequently interpersonal relations, which were not insignificant even in a simpler day, now assume primary importance in the eyes of young engineers, and this trend is reinforced by plain snobbery. But it rests on an illusion.

Originality, invention, the breakthrough, are individual achievements. Even if they emerge in a brainstorming session, they must come out of a single brain in a head which may be dolichocephalic or brachycephalic, with a crew haircut or an executive haircut or no haircut, behind a pleasant or an unpleasant face, above a beautiful or a misshapen body. The breakthrough cannot be a product of conformity, for conformity has to do with what has been and is, while invention has to do with what is to be. Thus in piling social conformity atop the traditional political conformity of the engineering profession, the educators of these young engineers, whether in the family, the schools or the corporations, have made it easier for their wards to produce new versions of the old, more difficult for them to create the new.

This is not unsubstantiated theory. When one surveys postwar nucleonics, missilry, space exploration and communications, data processing and the like, the bulk of the discoveries have been made by older scientists and engineers. The rising generation has not yet proved itself in that respect. If many of its members persist in sacrificing brilliance to what they call human understanding, the Soviets will have little to worry about. They won't need the 100,000 engineers they expect to graduate annually, nor will a yearly output of 100,000 or 200,000 avail us, if that is how the minds of our young people work.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Man To Read the Meter

Vincent McHugh

MOONLIGHT *in the graveyard, on the* equestrian statue of the Commendatore. Don Juan laughs — *molto forte* — and the statue answers. "Speak!" Don Juan calls out to it. "Speak, if you can! Will you come to supper?"

So, in the middle 1950s, American poetry, long dumb on its high horse, spoke up again and came to supper. And what a supper! A *koan* for grace, and peyote in the soup. And "long dumb"? Well, not quite. We'd always had lyceum and Chautauqua, and the colleges swapping their gilded youth. And lately a mad Welshman who sounded like Tom o' Bedlam. But except for the Welshman and that fellow in St. Elizabeth's, most of the poets were so genteel you could hardly hear them. It was more like a vestry meeting. The stuff didn't sound as if it were meant to be *heard* anyway. You wouldn't want your sister to marry one, but they *were* Culture, in a way. And old Mr. Frost was *cute.*

Then, just as you were catching up with the installments on the house and it looked as if things would straighten out finally, *this* had to happen. The *new* ones. You could understand these. Oh God, yes. Mostly, anyway. They were all over the place, and they'd say *any*thing. Some of it was being printed — by City Lights, New Directions, Grove Press, Jonathan Williams, Auerhahn, Corinth, Golden Mountain and more little magazines in a month than I can remember for the whole 1920s. But the star act was a man getting up on his hind legs and speaking his piece. A poetry *meant* to be spoken — if all poetry isn't, or shouldn't be, that. And if all poetry isn't, or wasn't, meant to be sung.

THREE or four people came through the rear wall as if the Keystone Kops were *after them and arrived front and center* like Clayton, Jackson and Durante going into their "Paper" routine at the Palace circa 1929. Onstage it came on like a blizzard (for a while we weren't sure just who was being snowed). Thousands of pages of prose and verse — Look, momma, I'm rich! — read and tossed away until they drifted up to the knees of the speakers. Air of uncalculated bedlam. The props were old stuff. A metaphorical stick to whack people over the head with (Arlecchino's baton, which was also once a phallos). Now and then a little strip tease for the boys and girls. A syntax based on three dozen words and phrases from the in-talk of progressive jazz, which were in turn coded versions of classic jazz lingo. A Thomas Wolfe romanticism about stream-of-sensation and riding the rods all over the place (a notion by that time obsolescent enough to be romantic in itself). Item by item — including wine (not hard liquor), drugs, anti-politics, exotic religion (the Great Mapah v. Zen), far-out music and the sport of giving the bourgeoisie hell — it checked off with the armory of the 1830 French Romantics. Except homosexuality. You had to go to the *fin de siècle* for that. But the whole kit was endemic to Greenwich Village.

The original act — Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac and Gregory Corso — was billed as "The Beats." (In a wicked twist, the columnist Herb Caen made it *Beatniks*, with a connotation of Rooshian bomb-throwers. Good, clean in-fighting. But he fell for the purely auto-suggestive middle-class idea that Beats smell bad. They don't. They smell like any other roomful of Americans, minus perfume and martinis.) Anyhow, it went. It was big. Other poets crowded onstage, the audience began throwing things, and in a country where publicity is the heroin of the people three rather naive young writers showed the naive gentlemen on Madison Avenue how to get two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of the stuff for free. It was *san-sass'*, as the French say, and it lasted about a year longer than I expected, mainly perhaps — and this was the weird point — because the fancied social freedom of the Beats made a small bright flame of attraction/repulsion for many a bored moth of the middle class.

But let's be serious, as Balzac used to say when he wanted to talk about his own books. Massive as it was, the middle-class counterattack didn't get anywhere in particular. Much of it had the somewhat indignant air of a mutual reassurance society. Its key image was a fat woman in a mink stole staring at a poet who was thinking about how to get a salami sandwich on the tab. True, somebody in a Jaguar did bomb the Bagel Shop in San Francisco; and the police, quick to interpret social disapproval as a call to action, ran a couple of dull and harmless places out of business. But the imaginary monster couldn't be found.

THE whole thing *was* dirty pool. Only one article I can remember, by Eugene Burdick in *The Reporter*, showed any real acquaintance with the facts and what they meant. Early in 1962, the bodhisattvas at *Time* (no mere men could write like that, even in squads) brushed it all off the board with the remark that "U.S. poetry is still unshakably dominated by the couth crowd." The adverb gave it away. Aside from failing to mention, in what purported to be a survey of poetry in English since 1945, the two most-likely-to-be-major young poets in Great Britain, Tom Scott and W. S. Graham, *Time* didn't seem to have heard of Eliot's axiom: "For order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered."

The ground *had* shifted, even under Rockefeller Center, and it goes right on shifting now. Listen to Richard Wilbur — and he's typical — reading his own poems. Everything fits, jibes, harmonizes: the "decently" satiric, new-age-of-reason tenor of the verse; social good taste, verbal good taste, good diction (or all good enough); the quiet, composed voice moving around a single tone. Apotheosis of American middle-class well-bredness. In its own way, perfect. But poetry? Yes, very minor poetry. Because it misses the point that for any good poet his own culture, his time-and-placeness, are a body of materials like any other, not a system of limits. From such limits he must constantly appeal to the general and primary human, which transcends all cultures. If he doesn't, he'll be much loved in his time — the neighbors will love him; his wife will

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love him; even the dean will love him — and his work will be just about as fugitive as the mores of his period.

The alternative to one's own here-and-now isn't barbarism, though it usually sounds like that the first time around. Now listen to a crowd of what Donald M. Allen's anthology calls the New American Poets reading their work. An effect of wild diversity — Snyder, Olson, Spicer, Broughton, Ginsberg, Blackburn, Perkoff. What's the common factor between Bob Kaufman's witty surrealism and the neoclassicism of Robert Stock? How equate Ferlinghetti's affable old-shoe plainness with the slightly Laforgian elegance of Frank O'Hara? The effect first off is bedlam. But what a wonderful bedlam! After you get past that (And some people never do get past it. The drink tastes sour to the end. So go home. Who asked you?) you begin to be aware of the high compounded energy of the thing. Vitality. High spirits. No higher-spirited poem in English than Whalen's "Big High Song for Somebody." "Hilaritas," says Pound, "the virtue *hilaritas*." Clowning. In-jokes. The poems a dialogue with other poets. Jockeying for rail position. Baiting the sedate. Rexroth introducing Snyder: "A girl asked me: 'Is he a *real* poet, or is he just one of those people who are *against* everything, like Ginsberg?'" Or the night I read "Howl," restoring all the left-out words, in the chapel of a Southern California university. The lights went out and a woman in the front row said: "Censorship."

ALL this was in the spring of the action, long ago now. The first business of any new art movement is to knock down the old buildings. Clear the site. But bodily. The wrecking crew. This is likely to be unfair to a good many predecessors, and it offends people, even inside the movement, who regard poetry as holy. It is, but not that way. (I used to think — it still holds, but with too many exceptions — that you could guess from the way a man read his poems what church he'd been brought up in.) For the rest, Huizinga sums it up: "All poetry is born of play; the sacred play of worship, the festive play of courtship, the martial play of the contest, the disputatious play of braggadocio, mockery and invective, the nimble play of wit and readiness. . . ."

So it was back in all its original guises, slapped together like a collage out of any old fish or feather that happened to be around; but it was playing for keeps too. Ferlinghetti's amiable drawl could be deadly to phonies and the Moloch litany in "Howl" was all innocent outrage at people trapped, thwarted, wronged. True, there was an awful lot of wild swinging and, since the poets came in all sizes, plenty of bad or trivial or merely in-cult verse too. But the general technical level — Robert Duncan, Blackburn, Levertov, Brother Antoninus — was amazingly high. (If somebody in the Department of English smiles at this, smile back and remind him ten years from now.) What you felt, grudgingly at first, listening to it night after night, was that a truly new spirit — rough, skeletal, still tentative, but *there* — was emerging out of the leftovers. And already what happens in every really fresh outburst of poetry *had* happened: a whole big slice of consciousness had been moved over from the individual-private to the group-public area.

Everybody was writing it — even a foot policeman in North Beach did some anti-Beat verses—and everybody got in on the act. In coffeehouses; jazz joints; churches; lecture halls. And colleges — with a difference. Most of the records were sold in college towns, and for the first time since the 1920s poetry got written in colleges with no academic pat-on-the-head in view. Even at Kenyon College, the Delphi of the New Critics, an underground of student Beat poets read their work to one another late at night and trooped blinking next day to a lecture on Wyatt or Marvell. (Which did them no harm either.) For a while — now, I hear, it's no longer *U* to write poetry, the *U* thing is short stories — poetry became a youth cult in a way that nothing but jazz, among the arts, had been a youth cult to successive generations. This combination was enough to explain the fad of jazz-poetry, that Punch-and-Judy marriage. Hardly one of the poets, though adept enough at their own rhythms, had any real notion of the rhythmic complexities in jazz or what might be done with them. The musicians were good-naturedly mystified. "We're just trying to improvise an accompaniment," one alto man told me. "Why don't they [the poets] improvise with us?"

IN San Francisco, we were lucky enough to have (still have, but the new management hasn't had a chance to get going yet) one organization capable of shooting the gap between town and

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gown. This is the San Francisco State College Poetry Center, slightly triumphant when Ruth Witt-Diamant and Ida Hodes were running it, in the flood tide of the movement. It had three types of recitals: noonday readings at the college (usually jammed with students); the big public events for imported name poets at the San Francisco Museum of Art, and the Sunday night readings of new or "in" poets at the Telegraph Hill House.

These latter, all through the late fifties, came close to being the perfect occasion for reading out loud. The small room, for some reason that used to puzzle sound engineers, would distribute perfectly anything from a bawl to a whisper. Your audience would be largely fellow professionals (once, for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, I got up a list of between three and four hundred poets in the San Francisco region, all of whom had been published in books or in magazines worth reading). The tall, clean-bearded young poets and painters in paratrooper boots, their wives and girls in blouses and black stockings that gave them the look of French schoolgirls, would fill up the benches, crouch on the open steel staircase or lounge along the rear wall. I've never seen *any* kind of audience so intensely and knowledgeably *there*. Now and then a spontaneous question, an answer or shrug from the reader. The rapport was so complete — everybody knew everybody else, everybody had read everybody else — that sometimes approval was given merely by a nod here and there, the trance of silence after a poem. Now and then a rare, startled applause for something particularly good. Seldom or never wrong, that I could see, and never to be bought by tricks or cleverness (though a little clowning, in or out of the poem, was welcome too).

There were readings at the Bread and Wine Mission on Grant Avenue, conducted by the Presbyterian clergyman Pierre Delattre, himself a poet. These were on a much more indulgent level, a neighborhood entertainment attended by the whole North Beach crowd — sitting, standing, lying on the floor in faint candlelight — plus the more hep college group. Here you might get Richard McBride, who has an almost virtuoso dramatic sense, or Helen Adam practicing witchcraft with her Scottish ballads, or Jehane Salinger Carlson, mother of Kennedy's Pierre Salinger, doing high-level translations-with-commentary from such poets as Desnos, Supervielle and Cayrol. At the Coffee Gallery, recitals were on still another plane — slapdash shoutings of sensational Beat lines to a noisy, in-and-out audience. People remembered the vivid theatrical quality of the first Poets' Follies. The big readings by a whole troupe of poets at Fugazi or Garibaldi Halls in North Beach were frankly shows too, a run of personality acts.

In the last year or so, public readings and record sales have all but faded out. (Refused by many dealers, Ginsberg's "Howl" recordings never got past the 4,000 mark; but the Rexroth-Ferlinghetti performance at the Cellar has done 12,000 to 15,000 and goes right on selling. This against a reported 400,000 for the Dylan Thomas records, some 50,000 for Frost.) And what accounts for the falling off in poetry readings and their audiences? The end of jazz-poetry, Beat poetry and Beat sociology (*sic*) as "news"? A turn, by the poets themselves and the *avant-garde* in the colleges, toward such other interests as prose stories, verse theatre and single-issue politics? Perhaps. But if we may judge from the historical pattern, this is merely the normal end of the first phase in a literary movement. The interregnum before the next phase may give us a chance to sift our experience and make an estimate of the qualities and conditions most favorable to the speaking of poetry.

AND poetry as an oral art? A great question, not to be settled here. The voice of my friend T. Y. Tseng, who sings T'ang and Sung poems to the traditional music handed down in Fukien Province, reminds me how far we have got from the time when all poetry was sung or chanted. Homer's rhapsodes, Phemius and Demodocus, storytelling to the lyre; the blind rhapsodes of Japan chanting the *Heike Monogatori*; Celtic bards elaborating their ingeniously tortured verse forms—all these were school singers, trained in a rigid tradition.

We have schools—the school of Pound, or of Whitman, Eliot, Winters — only until we're grown. After that it's every tub on his own bottom. And we seem to be moving more and more away from the single meter of song or chant, even in its most flexible rubato. Moving toward the composite meters, the irregular rhythmic segments that derive from vernacular speech. That too has its tradition, to be felt in Tu Fu, even in Archilochus, in the late Romans, certainly in the Provençals, and strongly in Chaucer. It's a verse not ruled by rule but by the acutely proficient ear.

Just there lies the chief demand of poetry as an oral art: that the proficient ear must be matched by an equally proficient voice. *Ear* almost as synonym for the whole focus of sensibility. Ear and voice that become the agents of an empathy among poem, reader and hearer resembling the empathy between persons. It's nearly forty years now, and distance may have shined up the view, but I remember the Irish poet James Stephens as the best male speaker of poetry I've heard. The bold, soft voice. Face of a good, homely little man possessed by light. Bald spot receding in a *V* on the crown. Rocking back

The Belongings

High
in your room
I have been sitting quietly
with your things scattered around me.
Your love for them is
evident
in their disorder.
That you have used them
displaces dust, and puts them
somehow at my service —
clean, with bright edges,
with lives that are dependent
upon you,
used to your touch,
even to your impatient
longing to get rid of them,
all of them, for a moment's breath.
To you they will not seem friendly,
being friends of yours,
and too well known;
but to me they bring a promise
which should be in you — not them —
high, in your room.

Theodore Enslin

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on his heels, eyes closed. He wasn't there. We weren't there. Only the poem was there, speaking with his throat.

Women's voices may have certain advantages in flexibility, lightness and the subtleties of tone. The best woman reader of poetry I've heard is Olive Wong of Berkeley. A gentle and immaculate excellence of diction. Unfailing sense of the melodic unit. Wholly without artifice, supple and limpid as brook water, and capable of the same delicate variety of movement. She too lets the poem come *through* her. This is the indispensable act, the direct conduction of emotional and intellectual energy, without which everything else lapses or turns false. It allows us to sense the poem itself, moving like the shadow of a trout in lucid water. The poem that is never the words on the page, or the words spoken, but the things for which these are at best a hopeful formula.

I have an old and stubborn opinion that the best vocal reader is one who can speak a great variety of poems other than his own, and speak them well, in their own quiddity. This is not the same thing as the job of a rhapsode, who had his own school style and, as we learn from Plato's *Ion*, might be very good at Homer and lost with Archilochus. But so few poets, these days, have any time to spare from the public reading of their own work that the point is almost frivolous. So it comes down to how well each man can speak for himself. And since each man may be writing, not only in his own vernacular rhythms, but for the particular use and limits of his own voice, we may expect some rather exclusive idioms. We have some of them already. Imagine, if you can, Robert Lowell's rather horsy Beacon Street voice doing Ferlinghetti's "Overpopulation." Or Ivor Winters reading Ginsberg's "Mescaline." That, at the moment, and quite aside from individual variations, displays the gap in attitudes between the two schools of poetry in America.

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Leslie Katz

THE VISUAL ARTS, whether applied or pure, are essentially rhapsodic forms. They create illusions, celebrate mysteries, appraise the grace of native insight. Used for the purposes of visual education, "creative art" has always worked especially well for religion, even before the Parthenon frieze enthroned church sculpture. Closer to our own time, it has been yoked to salesmanship: to propagandize political ideas, as the cartoons of Breughel, or to advertise cabarets, as the posters of Lautrec. But the anatomical drawings of da Vinci notwithstanding (and they were really studies in which science served art), creative design has not yet been notably employed to disseminate the lessons and the knowledge of science.

Perhaps there is a reason. In the teaching of science, unless design and illustration are entirely subordinate to the primary purpose of elucidating and verifying precise fact, the artistic element becomes a competing distraction, imposing an emotional aura in a realm that (thank heaven) holds its distinctive éclat as a discrete mode of experience. Though they can be of service to each other, art and science remain marvelously separate departments of endeavor.

The first four small volumes of an international series of paperback books called VISUALS attempts to use art to teach science. In the words of the publisher, "Far more than a textbook with illustrations or a picture book with captions, each VISUAL probes a subject of universal interest through the eyes of a creative artist working in collaboration with an eminent authority." Each volume, it is claimed, "combines beauty with knowledge to create fresh dimensions in human communication."

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THE net effect of the four volumes is, however, seriously impaired by pretentious illustration, a melodramatic overemphasis on pictorial values for their own sake. An extraneous emotionalism is exuded on almost every page. Facts that have their significance in simplicity, (such as chromosomes or protons) become distracting dramas. Abstract and Expressionist art elements compete with instead of clarifying the text.

The fault is not inherent in the medium or the technique. Visual education, whether in the form of training films, illustrated slide lectures, or text and picture books, is much needed and increasingly useful to convey scientific and technological information to professional or lay audiences. The emphasis on the pictorial need not be a sugared diversion—the criterion is simply intelligent use. (The Little Golden Series volumes on Weather and Stars, published by the Golden Press, are fair examples.)

Perhaps an appropriate modesty of

LESLIE KATZ writes fiction and criticism. His Invitation to the Voyage *was published by Harcourt, Brace and World.*

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intention is required. We do not enough respect the actual merit and sufficient dignity of the merely useful. In an era of proliferating invention, we tend to make a fetish of new mediums, as if technique were itself superior to the use made of it. The aim is often more gloried in than the achievement (as the Gargantuan new auto tail lights).

Yet the series called VISUALS is worthy of attention and deserves encouragement. If the ambition were limited to producing first-rate picture and textbooks, instead of a "revolutionary" new art-science form, the result would be less florid, and the communication sought would be better effected.

The Bad Past

Bruce Renton

ERNESTO DE MARTINO, who holds the chair of history of religions at the University of Cagliari, Sardinia, is an ethnologist who specializes in the chaos and madness of peoples. His latest work, *The Land of the Bad Past**has been one of the most important publishing events of the Rome season. It is a study of present-day tarantulism, and it lays bare the body beneath the Fiat face of the "Italian Miracle."

The Bourbon Ferdinand II once said in Naples: "Africa starts here," and today the industrial aristocracy of Milan and Turin turns its back on underdeveloped Southern Italy: Africa can have it. But while the skyscrapers continued to sprout like mushrooms in the North, Professor De Martino was busy with a team of psychologists at the other end of the peninsula. Among the impoverished peasants of Puglia, he studied the mass phenomenon of the "bite of the tarantula spider."

The "bite" is not a new manifestation in Southern Italy. In fact, it was more widespread in former days—so much so that Leonardo da Vinci spoke of it and English travelers to Italy (George Berkley, Henry Swinburne among them) brought home reports from time to time. The London *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1753 carried an article on the "bite" and its "cure." Consequently, the twentieth-century citizens of Italy are disconcerted when Professor De Martino insists on inserting the face of the spider between the wheels of rapid modern progress. This is part of the "bad past"—it should not intrude; but it is a past that is still present, part of a heredity from which the people do not free themselves.

The author's work shows that the tarantula spider is, and has always been, a myth with these people, but a myth that expresses the conflicts, the frustrations, the traumas of a subaltern social class. The cure is a dance (the *tarantella*); it reintegrates the people after the collapse of psychical balance.

Music, dance and color are used by the "afflicted" peasants to crush the tarantula symbolically beneath the rhythmical tapping of their feet. Various *tarantellas* are danced, for one may be bitten by various types of spider (one tarantula may be melancholy, another libertine) and each bite is to be cured only by the appropriate melody. The seizures and the attendant ceremonies occur at the end of the season of summer fruit, when the peasant community reaches the epilogue of the agricultural year. It is the season for the Festival of the Bad Past. With the aid of the village musicians, who are hired to visit afflicted houses, the peasants, mostly women, pass through their hysteria to liberation. The *tarantella,* steeped in superstition and legend, is in fact an instinctive experiment in madness. It is a dance of frenzy to kill frenzy.

De Martino links the Southern Italian *tarantella* with the "macumba" of Brazil, the "vodu" of Haiti. But *The Land of the Bad Past* is much more than a scientific investigation into recurring social patterns. It is a moving human document, complete with biographies and photographs of the tarantula-bitten peasants. The book also contains a startling phonograph record, which this past winter has been bringing the "mad" screams of the afflicted Southerners into the elegant apartments of Rome and Milan.

The book is akin, in some ways, to Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli,* but it goes deeper than a cry of present social protest. The author is a historian and psychologist who sees in Southern Italy a land still rich in unexplored history, a land where the voice of Africa can still be heard in the scream of the peasant who bangs his head in frustration against the image of a Catholic saint.

*Published by Il Saggiatore, Rome; available through Italian Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43 Street, New York.

BRUCE RENTON is the Rome correspondent of the New Statesman *(London) and the author of* Russian Literature in Italy in the Nineteenth Century.

The Dialectic

the world as peril
to get one kind of knowledge,
how
elicit it, draw it from sharp
& meaningless memory, I
will question on love's wheel
until I draw all things out of you
& leave you broken but still full

on whose behalf
to say I love you & who
loves me & why
against discovery
you go to sleep
stirring in the grey light,
my lungs still bitter with
the effort of getting there

wanting not answers but more air

Robert Kelly

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Fiction

If Henry James wrote novels like psychological treatises (and so on as the cliché goes), James Fenimore Cooper wrote his novels of manners, at least, too much like collections of essays. The characters are often examples or mouthpieces, and the story is a vehicle. Yet *Homeward Bound, Home As Found* and the Rent War novels at least hold the attention surprisingly well to this day. Lewis Leary's new edition of *Home As Found* (Putnam, $1.65), with an excellent introduction, exhibits Cooper's penetrating, informed, but seldom urbane, wit. This is the book which Cooper meant to write when he began some introductory passages that turned into the adventures and satirical portraits of *Homeward Bound*—from the stable culture of England and Europe, that is. In *Homeward Bound* Steadfast Dodge, the slippery and imperious democrat, seized Cooper's attention and came close to making the novel. In *Home As Found* ideas dominate, and though wit and sometimes an understanding of character are obvious, this is a sort of fictionalized essay. What Cooper could do at his best in novels of action and manners combined shows in *The Pioneers* and *Satanstoe. Home As Found* ranks lower but is very good reading none the less.

Edith Wharton, whose strictures and insights into a later New York society, are falling into the public domain and the paperback stalls, has greater virtues as a novelist. Her clarity and directness, indeed, and the appearance of a closer

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involvement with her characters give her a distinction at times above James. Irving Howe is probably right in his introduction to *The House of Mirth* (Rinehart Editions, $1.35; Scribner, the text alone, $1.45) that Mrs. Wharton is not due a full-scale revival. Yet her New York novels and novelettes and many short stories should be added to the paperback lists as rapidly as possible.

Also: *The Age of Innocence* by Edith Wharton (Signet, 75c); *The Madonna of the Future and Other Early Stories* by Henry James (Signet, 50c). *A Small Boy and Others,* a memoir, by Henry James (Scribner, $1.65). *In Our Time* and *Green Hills of Africa* by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner, $1.25, $1.45). *April Morning* by Howard Fast (Bantam, 50c). *Arthur Mervyn* by Charles Brockden Brown (Rinehart Editions, $1.75). *The Affair* by C. P. Snow (Scribner, $1.65). *Coningsby* by Benjamin Disraeli (Signet, 75c). *Jonathan Wild* by Henry Fielding (Signet, 60c).

Poetry

Selected Poems of W. B. Yeats, M. L. Rosenthal, editor (Macmillan, $1.95). A rich and unusually sensitive choice from Yeats's best poetry, heavily emphasizing his last thirty years and including the verse plays, *Calvary* and *Purgatory.* The introduction and notes (with a glossary of persons and places) are compact and illuminating, especially regarding the biographical and arcane elements. In contents, editing and format the book is a joy. Yeats's *The Celtic Twilight and a Selection of Early Poems,* with an introduction by Walter Starkie (Signet, 60c) only slightly overlaps the Rosenthal volume. In prose jottings the 1902 *Celtic Twilight* zestfully plays around Sligo and "exchanges civilities with the world beyond." The poems, including the *Wanderings of Oisin,* are in original or early revised versions. Short bibliographies in both volumes.

In the Interlude: Poems 1945-1960 by Boris Pasternak (Oxford, $1.50; in cloth, with Russian texts, $7). The twenty-five poems of *Doctor Zhivago* and forty-four others in new verse translations by Henry Kamen, with extensive useful notes by George Katkov.

The Penguin Book of Russian Verse, Dimitri Obolensky, editor (Penguin, $1.95). The original Russian with "plain prose translations," sometimes intensely effective, emphasizing the last hundred years, but with samples from Pushkin's time and the Middle Ages. Historical and technical introductions.

Arts and Letters

The Language of Music by Deryck Cooke (Oxford, $1.85). Assuming the language of music to be potentially "quite definite," examines scales and the process of communication between the composer's unconscious and the listener and interprets two non-programmatic symphonies. Perhaps Susanne Langer's "On Significance in Music" (*Philosophy in a New Key,* Mentor, 50c) is sounder on musical communication, but this is astute, meaty and well suited to interested laymen.

Stanislavsky Directs by Nikolai M. Gorchakob (Universal, $1.95). Detailed accounts by a distinguished associate of the methods Stanislavsky pursued in rehearsals of five varied plays produced at the Moscow Art Theatre, 1924-1934.

Willa Cather: A Critical Introduction by David Daiches (Collier, 95c). An adequate survey of her fiction, verse and essays—citing, as her great achievement, Miss Cather's creation of moods by natural description, especially in *O Pioneers!* and *My Antonia.*

Swift: An Introduction by Ricardo Quintana (Oxford, $1.50). A distillation of thirty years' work, easily the most penetrating and best balanced book of its size on the whole of Swift's career.

The Happy Prince and Other Stories by Oscar Wilde (Penguin, 85c). Nine moral whimsies and fantasies written for his children.

The Land of Little Rain by Mary Austin, drawings by E. Boyd Smith (Anchor, 95c). Sketches of the desert eastward across the high Sierras from John Muir's Yosemite and south to Death Valley; clear-sighted, affectionate and magical.

The Glory That Was Greece: A Survey of Hellenic Culture and Civilization by J. C. Stobart (Evergreen, $3.95). Still one of the best and most readable introductions; the original rotogravure plates lose clarity in offset.

Miscellaneous

Inner Asian Frontiers of China by Owen Lattimore (Beacon, $2.95). A major pioneering achievement of 1940 still fresh and provocative, recalling Turner on the frontier in American history. Lattimore details the influence of the nomadic way of life in inner Asia on the development of Chinese culture and institutions and traces the influence of Chinese civilization on the frontier. An admirable new preface surveys the relevant new scholarship and scrutinizes Soviet historiography.

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ART

Maurice Grosser

BEFORE the National Gallery came into existence, Washington already possessed four art museums. There was the Corcoran, devoted principally to American painting; the semi-private Phillips Collection of late 19th century French and 20th century work; the Smithsonian's Freer Gallery with its two rather oddly assorted specialties of Oriental art and Whistleriana; and the National Collection of Art, a somewhat provincial assemblage of paintings housed in the Natural History section of the Smithsonian Institution. (I plan to write of these at another time.)

The need in the capital for some establishment of general scope had long been felt. In fact, in 1921 Senator W. A. Clark of Montana had sought to enlarge the range of the Corcoran by endowing it with his collection of European works. This was scarcely sufficient, and the pictures themselves were not all of the highest quality.

However, in 1936, Andrew Mellon announced that he was turning over to the nation his celebrated collection of masterpieces and would build in Washington a museum to contain them. The National Gallery, begun the following year, was opened to the public as recently as 1941, and at last provided Washington with a museum comparable in scope and richness to the municipal institutions in other major American cities. Its outer proportions, unlike so much of modern administrative Washington, are light and pleasing. It is enormous, and the visitor can easily get lost. The two wings of exhibition halls branch off from a huge central rotunda whose green marble columns, splendid in themselves, quite dwarf the Cellini *Perseus* which tops the fountain in the center. The galleries themselves, however, are well arranged, and well proportioned to the pictures they display.

Mr. Mellon had wished to emulate the National Gallery of London, and had planned to allow into his museum nothing but the finest works. However, the 150 pictures of his gift were quite incapable of filling the five acres of exhibition space the new building provided. Nor could one hope in these times to extend the collection by massive purchases of individual works. As our century has progressed, pictures of museum quality have been increasingly difficult to come by, partly because the market itself has been depleted, partly because European governments are increasingly reluctant to let go of important works, old masters or modern. Fortunately, there still remained in the country four quite wonderful collections whose final disposition had not yet been settled. Their collectors, P.A.B. Widener, Samuel H. Kress, Lessing J. Rosenwald and Chester Dale, had each originally intended to set up a museum of his own, but were all persuaded to turn over their collections to the National Gallery along with Mr. Mellon's. And it is from these five collections, hung not according to donor but to school, that the Gallery's pictures, even now, principally derive.

MR. MELLON'S taste was excellent and rather conservative. He cared little for dark pictures or even pictures with dark backgrounds (though he did buy a number of fine Rembrandts). He drew the line on harrowing scenes. He liked pleasant, livable pictures in good condition. The works he contributed are impeccable. They begin with a quantity of the gayest Italian Primitives, with some wonderful 15th century Florentine sculpture, and include, in the *Alba Madonna*, what is probably the finest Raphael in America. His collection contains splendid examples of Greco, Titian, Goya and so on, but does not go beyond the early 19th century.

The Widener collection is, if possible, even finer, including as it does a number of particularly spectacular rarities: for example, the great and delightfully satiric Bellini *Feast of the Gods*, and five of Van Dyck's grandest portraits of Genoese nobility. It goes far enough into the 19th century to include Manet's *Dead Torero* — placed so strikingly on the canvas despite the fact that it was cut out with scissors by Manet himself from a larger bull-fight scene.

The Rosenwald collection specializes in the graphic arts. Its more than seventeen thousand prints, drawings, illuminated manuscripts and water colors are much too numerous to examine here. The Kress collection is also enormous. Only the most important portion of it has been retained in Washington, the rest being distributed among smaller American museums. It, too, contains some marvelous pictures — the Giotto *Madonna and Child*, for example; or Greco's *Laocoön*, whose writhing figures have as background a dramatic view of Toledo; or Poussin's severely classical *Holy Family on the Steps*; or Titian's portrait of Ranuccio Farnese, a dark boy with humorous eye, his cloak marked with the cross of Malta; the arresting Venetian picture of a gentleman in white

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satin whose toilet is being completed by an infant page; or Brueghel's *St. Kathcrine* — a stormy landscape, the martyrdom indicated only by some wheels against the sky on a distant hill. The Kress collection, however, is on the whole more uneven than the others, principally, I imagine, because he began it later than either Mellon or Widener. Possibly, he had a less experienced eye, for his collection contains a greater number of weak pictures than do the others, and even a certain number of works not entirely convincing. A few pictures, pleasant enough in themselves, seem to have been dignified by over-ambitious attributions: a charming head, for example, of a Venetian lady formerly given to Longhi, is now attributed to the much more celebrated G. B. Tiepolo; and a delightful but somewhat inexpert *Salome Dancing Before Herod* has been catalogued under the name of Benozzo Gozzoli, who is usually a great deal more expert than this. Others, like the *Eleanora di Toledo*, attributed to Bronzino; the two portraits, a man and woman with green background, said to be by Cranach, and, particularly, the small crucifixion assigned to Mathias Grünewald, are so clumsily painted as to appear either inept restorations of irreparably damaged panels, or possibly workshop copies by apprentices.

BUT even the Mellon collection, fine as it is, has one or two curious lapses. Of the five Vermeers in the National Gallery, three are gifts by Mr. Mellon. One of these, *The Girl in a Red Hat*, is probably the finest small Vermeer in existence. The other two, *The Lace Maker* and *The Smiling Girl*, are suspiciously inferior. Of his two Antonello da Messinas (he introduced oil painting into Italy), one — a portrait of a youth — is a fine characteristic work. The other — a Madonna and Child — is so thin in color, and so like our own century in its style of drawing, as to bear a family resemblance to the work of the Montparnasse painter Moïse Kisling. The documentation on these pictures, I am sure, has been carefully examined and the pictures themselves are exactly what they pretend to be. Their unconvincing appearance would indicate only that they had at one time suffered extensive, and perhaps unjustified, restoration.

The Chester Dale Collection is entirely French, and principally 19th and 20th century, with particularly fine Corots and Degas. The little Corot of *Rocks in the Forest of Fontainbleau* is one of his best, while Degas' picture of his blind New Orleans cousin, *Mme. René Degas*, is one of his most touching portraits. The collection contains, as well, in a *Portrait of Mme. Cahen*, the one Monticelli I have ever been able wholeheartedly to admire. The Renoirs include the early *Diana* with dead stag and bow which could be (and generally is) mistaken for Courbet, and the many Mary Cassatts include the most striking and ambitious of all her pictures, *The Boating Party*. The 20th century pictures are on the whole less impressive, though there are outstanding Bonnards and Vuillards, and the *Family of Saltimbanques* is without question the finest of all the pink Picassos.

Even from this small sampling one can see how rich a collection the National Gallery possesses. It is not surprising. The original endowments were princely and, since the institution is liberally provided with funds, new acquisitions are constantly being made. Added to this, the curator in charge, Mr. John Walker, is extremely able. Despite its youth, the National Gallery has taken its place, along with the Metropolitan, the Boston Museum of Art, and the Chicago Art Institute, as one of the four great museums of the country.

To end on an odd note, one of Mr. Mellon's contributions is an oil by Turner of *Mortlake Terrace*, a river view with a row of trees seen against the light. On a parapet, in silhouette, stands a small dog, cut out of paper, his tail drawn in with pencil. It was stuck there in Turner's absence by Sir Edwin Landseer, who thought the picture needed it. Collage is not so new.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE POLISH film, *Joan of the Angels?*, should be taken straight. It is a tale of demonic possession, based on the same material that provided Aldous Huxley with *The Devils of Loudun*, and the fashion today is to exorcise such horrors by Freudian rites. But except for one of the sisters, who seems to be quite simply a little tart, there is no suggestion in the picture to counter the assumption that the mother superior and her nuns are literally possessed of devils. It is not easy for modern audiences to relate to such beliefs, and the film is thus necessarily remote. However, I think it is clear that the director, Jerzy Kawalerowicz, intends this distance; he has set his convent in a blasted, chalky wasteland, he encourages his actors to assume hieratic attitudes; the style is simple, almost two-dimensional, as though seen across a great space of time.

If the story is neutralized by reference to hysteria, sexual repression, etc., it becomes a case-history cliché. But on its own literal terms it is moving. The dignitaries of the Church having been unable to unseat the evil spirits by formal processes, a modest and devout friar is assigned to wage personal battle. Father Joseph is not strong enough for his adversaries, but he gives ground slowly in encounters of still and excruciating moral combat. He cannot, one soon sees, beat the devils; but as a last resource—when prayer and entreaty, flagellation and exhortation, have all failed—he can make a bargain with them. He can give his own soul for the soul of Mother Joan. The logic is inexorable, the events are horrible, and the picture has a bleak and fatalistic beauty.

It is evident by now that the best films coming out of the Communist world today are being made in Poland.

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Letters

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

search project—and a foundation ready to give him a grant? . . . Last night we had a nearly full moon and a nearly clear sky. I walked outside to view the moon and had a great fright: the moon seemed neatly circumscribed by a bright, moonlit contrail. I couldn't help thinking: *What does it all mean?*

HARVEY H. MANNING
Issaquah, Wash.

Megatonic Music

Dear Sirs: Good gray poet Robert Frost, in his amiable flirtation with the New Frontier, has characterized it in terms of poetry and power. I guess the resumption of tests is a good example of the poetry. And the man from Albany (Governor N. R.), when asked what he thought, said he was "delighted," yet.

New York City SIDNEY BERNARD

Manner Matches Matter

Dear Sirs: I want to endorse Jennifer B. Weininger's praise [Letters, April 28] for your music critic. Benjamin Boretz combines erudition with elegance in a manner reminiscent of the London critics who have turned England into a musical country again. Too much of our own music criticism is either pedestrian or pedagogic, and often both. Mr. Boretz carries his learning lightly: he analyzes in depth, with manner matching matter.

In his recent *Expositions and Developments,* Igor Stravinsky deplored "the cult of the commonplace" in New York, "a city boasting a greater number of fine instrumentalists than any other in the world." We badly need a Boretz in New York. JOHN BARKHAM
New York City

Memorabilia Wanted

Dear Sirs: Friends of the late John T. McManus can contribute substantially to a biography of his life and work by helping to reassemble records destroyed by fire. Letters, photographs, personal recollections and anecdotal material pertaining to his years at *The New York Times, Time* magazine, *PM*, his leadership of the New York Newspaper Guild, etc., would be particularly appreciated. Please write or call Jane McManus, c/o *National Guardian,* 197 E. 4 St., New York 9, N.Y. OR 3-3800.

New York City JANE MCMANUS

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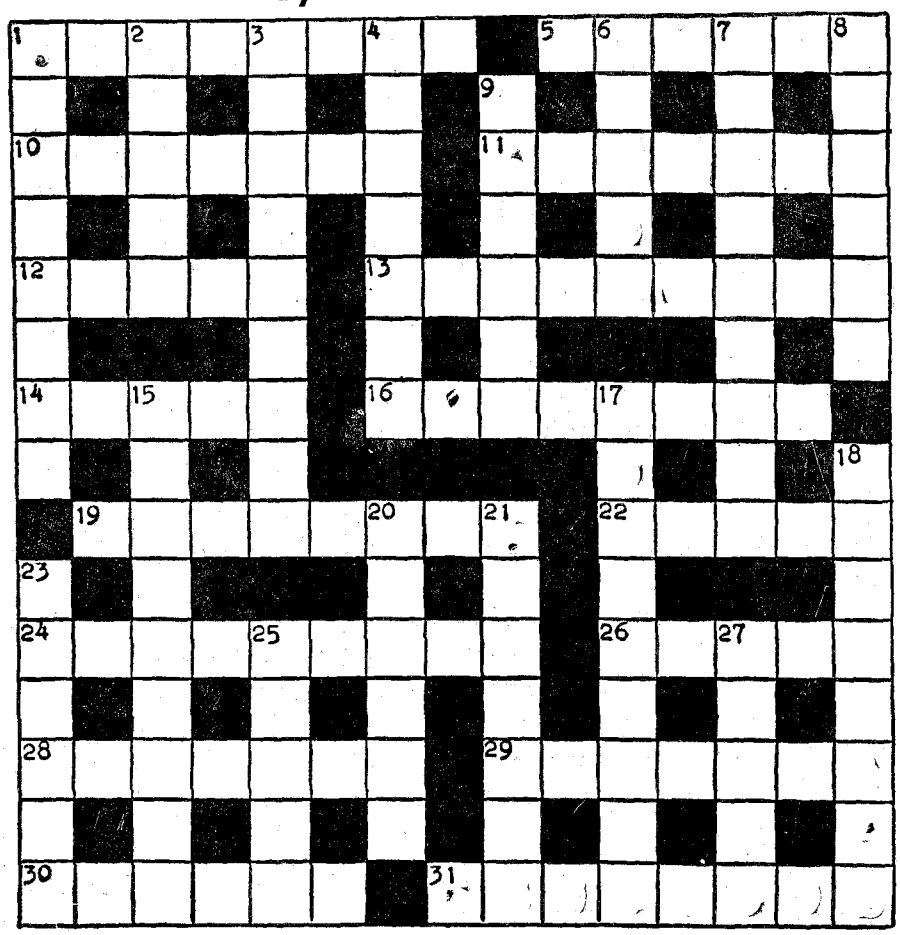
Crossword Puzzle No. 964

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Possesses something for the feet on which people might sit. (8)
5 Would half of them be short? (The type found in a ring aren't packed.)
10 General name for certain military equipment. (7)
12 Engrave? The pointer seems to have no flow. (5)
13 The jewel Shakespeare alluded to in "As You Like It." (9)
14 Region covered in an American journey? A French one, rather. (5)
16 An admonition of the lukewarm drama critic? (4, 4)
19 Ties usually have to be in front of them. (4-4)
22 Popularly given to losers coming out of a slump. (5)
24 What one has to do in hiring an expert craftsman who might handle green well? (9)
26 One might have a good press if one does. (5)
29 Topical version of mine, obviously. (4, 3)
30 A classical poser was presented by one. (6)
31 Evidently the Italian leader is a radical, but well-read. (3-5)

DOWN:

1 Such corners might be 2 and 11, in a way. (8)
2 and 11 Used in an emergency against the wind, they might suggest 27 and 28. (5, 7)
4 Denoting some common lines relative to a boat? (7)
6 They are usually won by black or white, for example. (5)
7 One might find me soloing, but certainly not in the old sense. (9)
8 They might run around 5, but one can see through their holdings. (6)
9 Might one depict its capital as: criticize a familiar example of motherhood? (6)
15 Medusa, perhaps. (9)
17 and 3 Outburst made by a famous messenger for the chemist's shop? (9, 2, 7)
18 Tristan's friend is only slightly disturbed, but comes round at the left, descriptively. (8)
20 He fits rather awkwardly when associated with blind reverence. (6)
21 Wind across the desert? (7)
23 Produces in large numbers. (6)
25 He's an apt description of a typical pale-face. (5)
27 and 28 Used in an emergency against the wind, they might suggest 2 and 11. (5, 7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 963

ACROSS: 1 Rallying point; 10 Picot; 11 Aquariums; 12 Supervise; 13 Sheer; 14 Pick up the tab; 19 Togetherness; 22 Gutta; 24 Plant food; 25 Altissimo; 26 Thane; 27 Prime Minister. DOWN: 2 Accept; 3 Liturgist; 4 In a pickle; 5 Gauge; 6 Orris; 7 Nauseate; 8 Apish; 9 Ascribe; 15 Pantaloon; 16 Hesitates; 17 Stygian; 18 Agitator; 20 Homage; 21 Adder; 23 Assam; 24 Prison.

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(See Editorial on page 459)

IT HAS HAPPENED HERE!

Now the Bell Tolls for All of Us!

When the McCarran Act was passed at the height of the McCarthy Era, few understood its dangers. It was just another law on the books—not very real.

And as the McCarthy hysteria died down, many said, "It's over . . . it can never really happen in America . . . it's too flagrant a violation of the Bill of Rights."

But on June 5, 1961, the Supreme Court upheld the Subversive Activities Control Board's order requiring the American Communist Party to register as an agent of a foreign power. The decision did not even reach the question of constitutionality of the law itself. The effect was to convict the Party without a trial.

In the ten months since that date our constitutional liberties have taken a shameful beating. For the first time in the history of our country a political party has been put in the dock. For refusing to register the Party under the infamous provisions of the McCarran Act, two men are today facing prison sentences.

GUS HALL and BENJAMIN J. DAVIS, leading spokesmen of the Communist Party, U.S.A., have been arrested on charges which could mean 30 years in prison and $60,000 in fines. They are out on $5,000 bail pending trial.

And so the McCarran Act is no longer "just a law on the books" . . . it is a living danger to the rights of millions upon millions of Americans.

For the threat is not to Gus Hall and Ben Davis alone . . . not to Communists alone . . . The threat is to every progressive, liberty-minded man and woman in the United States.

The attack upon the Communist Party is only a wedge; let it succeed and we'll have "open season" on so-called "Communist Front" and "Communist infiltrated" organizations . . . on popular movements . . . on trade unions and liberal organizations.

The proof? Already the House Un-American Activities Committee lists 622 organizations as Communist "fronts." Emergency Detention Centers (pronounced *Concentration camps*) are ready to shut their gates upon thousands if the Ultra-Right — today's McCarthyites — are allowed to have their way.

Today the Communist Party is under attack. Tomorrow it will be the trade union members who fight for wages, then the Negro who fights for his rights—and then the foreign-born, the Woman-for-Peace, the family that doesn't want bomb shelters. "State-of-mind-Communists" is what the Birchites call them. And if the Ultra-Right isn't stopped in time, history will take a giant step backward.

But this needn't be! Reaction *can* be stopped—the tide *can* be turned!

BUT IT MUST BE STOPPED NOW! *Now,* before we become a nation of frightened citizens who have learned to live in a climate of fear . . . *now,* before we have become a populace cowed . . .

The newly formed HALL-DAVIS DEFENSE COMMITTEE calls on you to help turn the tide. Here is what you can do:

- Write to Attorney-General Robert Kennedy at the Department of Justice, Washington, D.C., urging strongly that the indictments against Hall and Davis and the Communist Party be dropped, and firmly denouncing application of the McCarran Act.
- Help us with money. Send us your contributions, for: a) the legal defense of Hall and Davis, and b) a mass education and protest campaign in their behalf. $10 within the next ten days from every well-wisher would make our work a hundred-fold more effective. Send more if you can, or any amount you can.

(Signed) ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN, *Chairman*
JAMES J. TORMEY, *Executive Secretary*

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